

February

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CARTOONS

The
Passing
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Cartoons

MAGAZINE

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It with a
Chuckle

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(to fiancée):
"Boo hoo! Say Who!"*



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Cartoons Magazine

H. H. Windsor
Editor

T. C. O'Donnell
Managing Editor

Vol. 19

FEBRUARY, 1921

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TESTIMONIALS

"'Cartooning Made Easy' is the most exhaustive course on
the market for the price."—Harold Young, Chicago.
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features of this set, it is now being used in the art departments of many high
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California, and the London Photo Art Co., of London, England, and Emerson, Barnes.

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I've done it for thousands of others. I can doubtless do it for you. If I can't, then it won't cost you a cent

I MEAN just what I say. There's no trick or catch about it. Give me five days and I'll prove that I can get your pay raised for you. I'll do it on a "show you" basis. You get the proof before you pay me a cent.

You've probably heard of me. My name is Pelton. Lots of people call me "The Man Who Makes Men Rich." I don't deny it. I've done it for thousands of people—lifted them up from poverty to riches. There's no sound reason why I cannot do it for you. So let's try.

Now, follow me carefully. I'm going to tell you exactly how to do it. I'm the possessor of a "secret" for which men have been searching since Time began.

There's no need to discuss the whys and the wherefores of this "secret." Suffice it to say that *It Works*. That's all we care about—*It Works*. Over 400,000 men and women the world over have proved it for themselves. Among them are such men as Judge Ben B. Lindsay; Supreme Court Justice Parker; Governor McKelvie of Nebraska; Wu Ting Fang, ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Governor Ferris of Michigan, and thousands of others of equal prominence.

Some of the things this "secret" has done for people are astounding. I would hardly believe them if I hadn't seen them with my own eyes. Adding ten, twenty, thirty or forty dollars a

week to a man's income is a mere nothing. That merely playing at it. Listen to this:

A young man in the East had an article for which there was a nation-wide demand. For twelve years he "puttered around" with it—barely eking out a living. Today this young man is worth \$200,000. He is building a \$25,000 home—and paying cash for it. He has three automobiles. His children go to private schools. He goes hunting, fishing, traveling whenever the mood strikes him. His income is over a thousand dollars a week.

In a little town in New York lives a man who a few years ago was pitied by all who knew him. From the time he was 14 he had worked and slaved—and at sixty he was looked upon as a failure. Without work, in debt to his charitable friends, with an invalid son to support, the outlook was pitchy black.

Then he learned the "secret." In two weeks he was in business for himself. In three months his plant was working night and day to fill orders. During 1916 the profits were \$20,000. During 1917 the profits ran close to \$40,000. And this genial 64-year-young man is enjoying pleasures and comforts he little dreamed would ever be his.

I could tell you thousands of similar instances. But there's no need to do this as I'm willing to tell you the "secret" itself. Then you can put it to work and see what it will do for you.

I don't claim I can make you rich over night. Maybe I can—maybe I can't. Sometimes I have failures—everyone has. But I do claim that I can help 90 out of every 100 people if they will let me. The point of it all, my friend, is that you are using only about one-tenth of that wonderful brain of yours. That's why you haven't won greater success. Throw the unused nine-tenths of your brain into action and you'll be amazed at the almost instantaneous results.

The Will is the motive power of the brain. Without a highly trained, inflexible will, a man has about as much chance of attaining success in life as a railway engine has of crossing the continent without steam. The biggest ideas have no value without will-power to "put them over." Yet the will, although heretofore entirely neglected, can be trained into wonderful power like the brain or memory and by the very same method—intelligent exercise and use.

If you held your arm in a sling for two years, it would become powerless to lift a feather, from lack of use. The same is true of the Will—it becomes useless from lack of practice. Because we don't use our Wills—because we continually bow to circumstance—we become unable to assert ourselves. What our wills need is practice.

Develop your will-power and money will flow in on you. Rich opportunities will open up for you. Driving energy you never dreamed you had will manifest itself. You will thrill with a new power—a power that nothing can resist. You'll have an influence over people that you never thought possible. Success—in whatever form you want it—will come as easily as failure came before. And those are only a few of the things the "secret" will do for you. The "secret" is fully explained in the wonderful book "Power of Will."

How You Can Prove This at My Expense

I know you'll think that I've claimed a lot. Perhaps you think there must be a catch somewhere. But here is my offer. You can easily make thousands—you can't lose a penny.

Send no money—no, not a cent. Merely clip the coupon and mail it to me. By return mail you'll receive, not a pamphlet, but the whole "secret" told in this wonderful book, "POWER OF WILL."

Keep it for five days. Look it over in your home. Apply some of its simple teachings. If it doesn't show you how you can increase your income many times over—just as it has for thousands of others—mail the book back. You will be out nothing.

But if you do feel that "POWER OF WILL" will do for you what it has done for over four hundred thousand others—if you feel as they do that it's the next greatest book to the Bible—send me only \$4.00 and you and I'll be square. If you pass this offer by, I'll be out only the small profit on a four-dollar sale, but you—you may easily be out the difference between what you're making now and an income several times as great. So you see you've a lot—a whole lot—more to lose than I. Mail the coupon or write a letter now—you may never read this offer again.

A Few Examples

Personal Experiences

Among over 100,000 users of "Power of Will" are such men as Judge Ben B. Lindsey; Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Feng, Ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Assistant Postmaster General Britz; Gov. McKelvie of Nebraska; General Manager Christensen of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. B. Elms Lewis, of Detroit; Gov. Ferris, of Michigan, and many others of equal prominence.

\$300 Profit from One Day's Reading

"The result from one day's study netted me \$300 cash. I think it a great book and would not be without it ten times the cost."—Colonel A. W. Wilkie, Moscow, S. Dakota.

Worth \$15,000 and More

"The book has been worth more than \$15,000 to me."—Oscar B. Blissett.

Would Be Worth \$100,000

"If I had only had it when I was 20 years old, I would be worth \$100,000 today. It is worth a hundred times the price."—R. W. Taylor, The Santa Fe Bldg., Miami, Tex.

Salary Jumped from \$150 to \$600

"Since I read 'Power of Will' my salary has jumped from \$150 to \$600 a month."—J. F. Gibson, San Diego, Cal.

From \$100 to \$3,000 a Month

"One of our boys who read 'Power of Will' before he came over here jumped from \$100 a month to \$3,000 the first month, and won a \$500 prize for the best salesmanship in the state."—Friends Leslie A. Hill, A. R. F., France.

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Landon Course of

THE adventures of different characters pictured in comic series cartoons cause millions of newspaper readers to laugh daily. Big salaries are paid for this type of cartoon work.



"WIDE AWAKE WILLIE" who together with "Reg" for Fellers" earns \$25,000 per year for Cartoonist Gene Byrnes.

Comic Series Drawing A Growing Field

Not so many years ago daily series of cartoons showing the adventures of comic characters were unknown in newspapers. The rapid increase in the popularity of this type of cartoon work has opened a big field for cartoonists. As in other branches of cartooning, **Landon students have quickly advanced to the front** by creating many of the most famous series of today.

Former student, Gene Byrnes, is now drawing "Wide Awake Willie," a Sunday comic page for the New York Herald, and "Reg'lar Fellers," a daily comic series for the George Mathew Adams Syndicate. The story of his **rise from salesman at \$12.00 weekly** to one of the leaders in the cartoon field, is told in a recent issue of the Literary Digest, which names Byrnes as one of the seven comic series artists **earning \$25,000 a year or more.**

Merrill Blosser was a school boy at Nappanee, Indiana, when he started the Landon Course. He now draws "Freckles and His Friends," for the N. E. A. Syndicate. **"Freckles" has earned a national reputation** and a big salary for Blosser.

Girls, too, are entering this field of cartooning. Edwina Dumm enrolled with the Landon School while living at Columbus. **She is now drawing "Cap. Stubbs,"** appearing daily in the Philadelphia Ledger and other papers served by the George Mathew Adams Syndicate.

Many other popular comic series of the day have been created by Landon students, two of the latest being **"Winnie Winkle, The Bread Winner,"** in the Chicago Tribune, drawn by M. M. Branner, and **"Betty and Her Beau,"** by Frances Parks for the N. E. A. Syndicate.

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GOING 'T' TAKE A COURSE
OF LESSONS FROM THE
LANDON SCHOOL AN' DRAW
SOME FUNNY PICTURES
OF "BLOSS!"



"FRECKLES"

has established a national reputation for his creator, Cartoonist Blosser. "Freckles and His Friends" is one of the most popular "kid" series appearing in U. S. and Canadian newspapers.

Cartooning

Full instructions on this type of cartoon drawing are included in the Landon Course, in fact, every department of cartoon instruction is covered completely. The unusual success of Landon students in drawing political cartoons, full page Sunday comics, sport cartoons, motion picture cartoons as well as comic series, shows that the instruction offered by this school is thorough and complete.

The Landon Picture Chart Method

of teaching **original drawing** makes it easy for the beginner, without previous training, to learn how to create original cartoons of his own.

This method is based upon an extensive series of **Picture Charts** covered with hundreds of sketches which explain, step by step, in picture form, just how to construct original heads, figures, animals and all details of **ORIGINAL CARTOON WORK**. From the beginning of this course, students learn how to make **ORIGINAL DRAWINGS**. This method differs from all others and is fully protected by copyright. This is the only course which eliminates all copy work. **Copying is not required or permitted throughout the Landon Course.**

Opportunities in all branches of cartooning are greater now than ever before. What the Landon Course has done for others **it can do for you.**

Write at once for full particulars of this course, a sample Picture Chart and the names of successful Landon students who are now employed on newspapers all over the United States, together with their personal statements regarding the Landon Course. Please state your age.

The Landon School
495 National Building : CLEVELAND, OHIO



"CAP. STUBBS"

drawn by Miss Edwina Dumm (drawings signed "Edwina") appears daily in The Philadelphia Ledger and a number of other prominent newspapers. The comical adventures of "Cap" and his dog are followed daily by youngsters and grown-ups alike.



"WINNIE WINKLE"

was created by Cartoonist Branner for The Chicago Tribune. Her adventures amuse thousands of newspaper readers daily.



Drawn for *Cartoons Magazine* by Carl Anderson

"Any shooting around here, my man?"
"I sh'd say so. Just shot two trespassers!"

CARTOONS MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT 6 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO

Vol. 19

FEBRUARY, 1921

Number 2

The Sweet Buy and Buy *By George Morehill*

Drawings by Ted Nelson

What this country needs more than anything else is a good, hot retort to the insidious inquiry, "May I have just two minutes of your valuable time?" Inability to reply intelligently to that question has filled thousands of American homes with encyclopedias, oil stock certificates, lyceum courses, windmills, aluminum sets, outlying real estate and insurance policies.

Literature is painfully silent on how to meet this menacing interrogation. Former generations have never been able to transmit any hint of how to close the door rudely, but with finality, in the face of the agent, the solicitor and the salesman.

The void thus left needs filling before it begins to ache and keep people up at nights. Somebody ought to write a book, and get some of these book agents to sell it, on how to decline, gracefully, but firmly, when it

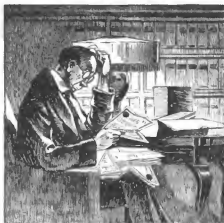
comes to affixing one's best signature to a perfectly strange dotted line.

I have had enough experience to write such a book but I am too busy. My daily life is pretty well taken up by the visits of those who want to sell me courses in efficiency and personally conducted tours, so that by the time the day's work is ended and I am ready to rest quietly at my suburban home, the night shift comes on and I have to devote my evenings to real estate and life insurance.

Until some of my peean orchards, orange groves, oil wells, Florida farms and

endowment policies begin to show returns, I don't see how I can get around to writing the book, but in the meantime I may be able to give a few general suggestions that will prove beneficial to somebody.

Never talk to strangers. That is the first rule of anti-salesmanship. You'll have



"Encyclopedias, oil stock certificates, lyceum courses, windmills, aluminum sets, outlying real estate and insurance policies"



"It is said that Damon once tried to sell Pythias an interest in a copper mine in Arizona"

enough trouble with your friends, who are momentarily led away from the paths of righteousness. No matter how firm the ties of friendship may be, you can never be sure that your friend will not some day come around to let you in on the ground floor. It is said that Damon once tried to sell Pythias an interest in a copper mine in Arizona, while it is well known that Dan attempted to interest Beersheba in a stereoscopic outfit, with views of Niagara Falls and Yellowstone Park.

In making friends, nowadays, it is wise to demand references, just to make sure that somewhere in the past your new acquaintance has not answered an advertisement which said, "Add \$100 a week to your income; no experience required. Pleasant evening work among your friends and neighbors."

Another point is to beware of russet brief cases. Brief cases make long conversations. A perfectly harmless appearing portfolio may contain a deadly prospectus, with samples of the actual binding and a testimonial from Ex-president Taft. I am not particularly superstitious, but I subscribe to the fetich that it is unlucky to have a brief case laid on your desk with the buckle-side up.

It is not for me to say that brief cases are not used occasionally in perfectly legitimate enterprises, such as carrying a few thin sandwiches for lunch in an elegant and sophisticated manner, but mainly a brief case means a short, snappy talk, followed by twelve easy payments.

It would be better to exclude persons carrying packages of any kind, because a lunch basket may turn out to be a vacuum sweeper in disguise. One of the most elaborate sets

of books I have in my possession was sold to me by an honest looking man who carried an unsuspecting plumber's kit. I thought he had come to repair the radiator.

Another bit of advice is, Never tell an insurance man your age. The minute you admit your years, he flashes a black book on you that has all the facts. He can refer to the book, if he knows how old you are, and tell you just what your chances are to live,

places of birth and what the parents died of, from the archives of the insurance companies. It is a little known fact, but a fact, nevertheless, that the insurance companies are the biggest users of archives in this country. They have their men in every part of the world keeping close track of the archive crop, the demand being made necessary because of this vast accumulation of birthday data. An institution that has such



"He can tell you just what your chances are to live, die in the poor house, or become a preferred risk"

die in the poorhouse or become a preferred risk. If you are young and inexperienced, you may think that it won't matter if you tell just one insurance man your really, truly age. That was the mistake I made. In a moment of madness, I told my age to an insurance man, and now every insurance company in this country sends me a booklet entitled, "How Would You Leave Your Folks?" on my birthday. If anything ever happens to our census bureau, the government can get all necessary data on ages,

a perverted sense of humor that it calls its bills, premiums and which would go to the trouble of painting an insurance sign on the Rock of Gibraltar can be depended upon never to forget a man's age.

It isn't necessary to be rude to the insurance solicitor in refusing to tell one's age. In fact, it is better to get around the subject with an air of persiflage or even a spirit of badinage. When the insurance agent, after having seating himself comfortably for a long call, utters the fatal inquiry, "By the

way, what is your age?" merely reply, "Oh, no, tell me first!" Or better still, make him guess.

In this way, it is sometimes possible to pass over a delicate situation with credit to oneself. Besides, it's a matter of policy.

Perhaps the most important adjuration of all is this: "Never have anything to do with a strange fountain pen." If that one truth could be dinned into the minds and hearts of the rising generation it would be worth more than a college education. But youth is hot-headed and impatient. It finds the advice of its elders irksome and retarding. The impulse very frequently is to have the fling regardless of the cost. Little do the young men of today know that for every drop of ink that they drain from the capacious reservoir of an unknown fountain pen, they will pay in toil and tears. If I had my life to live over again, I would never be seen in the company of a strange fountain pen, nor would I permit an unknown indelible pencil to touch my lips. That way lies danger, despair and frequent installments.

How much better it is to say, when a strange pen is handed to you, and the dotted line is beckoning you on, "No, thank you. I may be old fashioned, but I cannot, will not, let a drop of ink put a blot on my nice, new escutcheon."

But that, alas, is not always the case. Far too often it turns out the other way. A young man, reared tenderly by parents who shielded him from book agents and lighting-rod salesmen, goes out to make his way in the world. He is deluded by the garish folly of it all and one day he finds himself listening to the honeyed words of a magazine solicitor. He is dazzled by the picture which is held up before his unsophisticated gaze. He can see no wrong in subscribing to the clubbing offer and forgetting his strict home training, he takes the fountain pen and boldly signs his name, middle initial and all. It is his first false step, but the road thenceforth leads downward, and it is only a question of time until he will be an abandoned wretch buying a course in memory training to forget his troubles.



Jacobson in New York Post

Remember how it felt when you learned to skate with her looking on?



HE TRIED TO
REMEMBER
NOT
TO SAY 'GREETINGS'

"Ask Me, Ask Me!"

By Harry Irving Shumway

Drawings by Dorothy Phelps Christy

She looked at him quizzically, judicially. "I want to ask you a few questions, dear," she said. "You know, I think it would be an admirable idea to do so before—before we—"

"Before we are married?" he laughed. "I quite agree with you. Ask me any thing."

"Well, first of all, will you promise never to recite to me in detail the plot of a play which I have not seen or a book which I haven't read?"

"Why, er—yes, of course."

"Will you refrain from telling me just why, stroke for stroke, you had to take three more strokes than bogey on the seventh hole on your return from the links?"

"Certainly—I suppose so."

"And will you solemnly promise that when you meet a man and I am within hearing not to say 'Greetings!' to him?"

"But—oh very well. I'll try and remember 'em," he replied ruefully. "Gee, I never had the lime-light turned on before like that. I guess I have been guilty of all those things. Still, they aren't as bad as hitting a blind cripple over the head with a club."

"Only in the eyes of the law," she answered.

"Now that you have tied me hand and foot in three different ways, let me ask you a few things."

The girl laughed, as one sure of herself.

"Why of course," she smiled.

He looked at her grimly.

"I have noticed that at times, when you were wearing thin silk shirt waists, that certain pink ribbon things which are supposed to go over your shoulders like suspenders, slip down. I don't care a hang what kind of glue you have to use but those ribbons have got to stay in place."

"Why—oh I never thought that—" she stammered, blushing.

"Another thing. When we make a trip in the flivver anywhere, don't tell your friends afterwards that we 'motored down'. Tell 'em we went on the railroad. I want 'em to think we're expensive."

"You can save your breath and your thought. Don't think up any more," interrupted the girl, a trifle tartly.

"Why? You didn't think I was going to say, 'That's all there is. There isn't any more' did you?"

"No. But I'm going to say about our marriage, 'There ain't going to be none.' I'd never marry a man who didn't think me perfect."

"But you didn't hesitate to point out my shortcomings," he said.

"That's different," she retorted.
And of course it was!

□ □ □



From the New York World

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The faithful Onijal



"The Opry House burned down to the ground last night"

The Missing Cue

By Henry King Thayer

Drawing by Art Williamson

Movie Director: My goodness, girl, you've got to shed a few tears. You told me you had been a regular actress on the stage and could do everything. Why can't you cry a few feet?

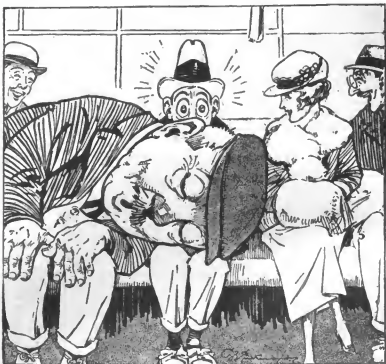
Actress: I can't seem to start the weeps.

Movie Director: Ah! Look me in the eye! Attention! You are playing the old one-night stands once more. It is cold, bitter cold! The train pulls away from Podunk leaving you on the platform with two million icicles. The railroad station is

locked up for the night. A boy approaches and tells you the Opry House burned down to the ground last night. There is no hotel in the town. It is growing colder. The coal embargo has left the whole town shivering. On looking for your trunk you find it has gone on ahead with the train and the next stop on the line is eighty-five miles in the dim cold future. You are hungry and cold, oh so cold. The only other woman in the party has a big fur coat while you have on a thin serge—

Actress: Oh—blub—blub—boo—hoo—I darn you. This is better than Niagara Falls
 Movie Director (to camera man): Shoot, ever dared to be.

□ □ □



From Passing Show, London

LIFE'S PAINFUL MOMENTS
 When a fellow-traveller falls asleep on your lap!



"Please what todo with Passengers they sleep or bang out of the winder and kick coa o the bum service"

Speaking of Testimonials

By Maurice Lazar

Drawings by J. H. Striebel

The manufacturers of pianos prize very much the testimonials to their instruments which they receive from virtuosi, just as much as Tommatus, onion soup brewer, for instance, values the joyous note which echoes between the lines of Aunt Yah-mindme's praiseful letter, or as much as the manufacturers of modern milk who tell the public in no mournful accents that their product is so good because their goats are so

refined. In the same way manufacturers of children's toys and things to wear are going to do a big business with the letters which they solicit from prodigies who write Daisy Ashfordian masterpieces. Especially right after the Christmas holiday. If the truth must be told, some of the letters will be tempered with a word or two of censure. But they will be sincere, at least, and at times enthusiastic.



"Dolly, my new mare, has lost her right eye"

Some of them, I have discovered, are doing it now, among the expressions of appreciation received being a grave little message from Sally aged six, living Somewhere, who confided to Simon Dimon, maker of toys, that if he had been more careful her new pet mare would not be left to stand in splendid isolation on her nursery floor, unmounted and helpless because of a misplaced eye.

"Dolly, my new mare, has Lost a Right eye," wrote Sally. "Shud I hav a dockter ixamin Her. Theres a nice Lady dockter lives on our Street. Her condishun is terrible. Pleas write soon and we may Save poor Dolly, my new mare."

And there is the epistle from Timothy Barton, who, though barely seven years old, was able to inform "Mister Train Conduck-tir, care of Uncle sam, Washton, Dis.

Columbus," that his new "choo choo cars run fine till they gets half way round the round tracks then They goes on strikes and Please what to do with Pasingirs they Sleep or hang out of there winder and kick cos o the bum service, Yrs truly Tim for short."

The Blank Co., Inc., has framed the following communication and hung it in the office of the superintendent:

"Deer Compny: Hlas yu a nuther Sled like my pa and Ma gott me Xmus last Xmustime and write quick I got a friend who Wants One baad Ony don't have the name Maud on it cos Maud's my gurr! and friend hes jelus Maud is dead gone on me."

"What did you give Baby to eat while She was being Borned in your old hous?" inquired Sue, aged eight, of a doll manufacturer, "she must a ben starved cause she

looks awfu mad and hungry and dont never eats a Thing the Stork he must a Ben careless so Pleas write me a way to cure the pore Child and Save a aching Mother's Hart, for Yrs, Sue B. ———,"

An unsigned letter has so deeply touched the diaphragms of another concern's officials that promptly after the receipt of it a toy house and garden have been shipped express prepaid to Dorothy Jones, whose mother took in washing and had been able to present her daughter with only a papier mache fish for Christmas. The little child's letter, which praised the toy houses and gardens which the company manufactured in profusion, concluded as follows:

"I hav only a wish too wish
I wish I Had a house and not
a Fish.
If I had a House then I

Could go throo Lots of Doors
Oh, how I, xcuse me, wish
I had a house stead of a Fish."

Johnny Smith writes to say that his "ottermobile wudden go and pleas get yourself some new gas the old stuff's gettin thin, the way My Ma's so Pa He Says an I guess he means she lets him talk for a while when He Comes Home at Night cver since he guv Her a New Seal Muff maybe the muff was ter be a hint for a muff on gas anyway my ottermobile aint going too well and I guess I'll have to send it back to you and get me a new Wing-Eye, 1921 Model. The ottermobile don't go so fast neither as my big Brother who has four silinders in his boat he says, and I guess you better fix me up with a coupla more silindirs in mine Yrs for Quick Acting Johnna Ysmith, Capt. Boy Scouts, Co. C."

□ □ □



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Carr in New York World

And only two minutes before he was wondering what he could do with his firm's Christmas bonus.



"No matter where it is parked"

That Wonderful Coupé

By Sam Myles

Drawn by Constance O. Moran

My friend Wilkins is a likable chap—he is indeed easy to like. I admit, of course, that there are lots of people who are easy to like: the man, for example, with a plentiful supply of paradise in his cellar; the unfortunate man who pays his election bets promptly; the man who does not turn up fifteen minutes after the last precinct returns are in and ask you to pay yours; and then there is the person whose tuxedo fits

you. Wilkins had none of these virtues, and as if this fact were not sufficient handicap, fortune or something had equipped him with a weird coupé.

And still he was easy to like! He was that kind of man! . . . But to the coupé.

A strange looking vehicle it is. Cracks and large areas of unpainted surface disfigure it. The hood, fenders and humpers show rust. A conspiracy persisted in by

carbureter, gears, axles and brakes produces weird tonal effects. A noisy, dirty, unwashed, lamentable spectacle! Lee does not want to have it cleaned, or painted. He says that it reproduces better than could any master portrait-painter the characteristics of his own sorry soul (siel). And, like him, the coupé is faithful, indeed. Never

of a night's mildish dissipation in celebration of its theft—if ever it is stolen—Wilkins remains unmoved. He tells me that he likes loyalty more than any other human virtue, and his car is loyal, though it creak 'neath the burden of its years.

And then it happened. Wilkins had parked the old thing under the nose of the



"And in the alley we found it"

does it stray from any spot where it is left. Never does it fail to be ready, resolute despite its years and its airs of a veteran soldier of the boulevards, to take the body of its often unsteadily-footed owner and roll it home. No matter where it is parked, there it will be, even twenty-four hours later.

Even when I remind him of my long-standing offer of a dinner and the means

club doorman—a nose that, through dint of hard practice ambitiously persisted in retained a polished cerise enamel. We had a fairly enjoyable evening, and not before two o'clock next morning did we discover that the impossible had happened. Exactly! Someone had stolen the remarkable coupé.

"Lee, the monotony of our lives is gone at last," I said, after a brief search. "The old boat's left us for a happier life, and long

may it live. Now you can collect the insurance, buy a real car, and rejoice. Tomorrow you will enjoy, I hope, the dinner I have owed you for so many years."

Wilkins was not so cheerful as I. In fact, he was unkind enough to make a few personal remarks about my levity, and to compare my happiness over his loss to that of the thief who no doubt had already "fenced" the old horse. But he accepted my invitation.

And an enjoyable dinner it was, enlivened by quite a number of drinks. We had enough, as a matter of fact, to become fully bewildered.

Arm in arm, we marched out of the restaurant—or rather we rolled out, assuring each other of our mutual devotion. We were about to board a street-car, unholy

mover of people, when the thought of just a tiny "leettle" one more and no more after that, assailed us simultaneously. Wheeling about with the finish and go of a regiment on parade, we started for the Club.

The doorman hailed us. Flaming was his proboscis, exalted was his voice, and hope sat smiling on his upturned broad palm.

"It's back," the doorman, grinning, replied. "Someone left it in the alley this afternoon."

And in the alley we found it.

"Even the thief will have none of it," I said, commiseratingly.

But Wilkins was happy. "You get your old dinner back tomorrow," he cried exultingly.

"But then I'll still owe you one," I said.

And I still do.

□ □ □



Ireland in Columbus Dispatch

Beautiful frame, but where's the picture?



Protected by George Matthew Adams

Morris for George Matthew Adams Service

Quit following me!

Impressive Depressions

By Isham Correy

Everybody admits a business depression—but nobody seems depressed. Optimism, instead, seems to be the word. A statement that needs a bit of explanation; everybody, I should say, says that everybody else is optimistic about prices and markets. There is enough optimism about, according to reports, to float a loan with St. Louis brewery stock as collateral. To determine first-hand whether this was just a reported or a bona fide optimism, and what it was all about, I have interviewed a few experts, only to find

that the reports err on the side of moderation.

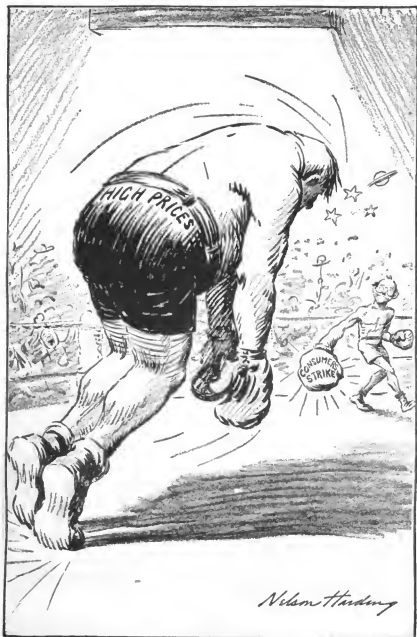
There is Joseph Biddleton, of the Tweed Mills, Inc., of Tweedledee, Massachusetts, for example. "Sure I'm optimistic over the outlook. I had nine hundred and twenty-three cancellations in December, and only eight hundred and six thus far in January."

Or take Solomon Seal, president of the Claytex Garment Company: "What is it, optimist?" he asked, when I put the thing squarely up to him.



C. Dale in Los Angeles Times

Why not try the happy medium?



The bigger they come the harder they fall

Nelson Harding to Brooklyn Eagle



Parache in Louisville Times

The pendulum swings back

"It is the man who sees, not the hole but the rim of the doughnut," I explained.

"Then I'm one," he said, benignly—"I'm still hoping to find a doughnut!"

William Sweet, president of the Automatic Shoe Soler Concern, says that he is extremely optimistic. "By 1923, if the present conditions continue, we will have one of our Automatic Soler Systems in every home in

America. We are perfecting an attachment whereby the machine will play a talking machine record, which causes Dad and Ma to wear out the soles of the shoes which they bought in 1915 to a languorous fox-trot, while it repairs the ones which they bought in 1916. Sure, put me down as optimistic, until the rim of the doughnut has a blow-out!"

□ □ □



Page in Louisville Courier-Journal

Still strutting!



Plaschke in Louisville Times

The Bolshevik Peace Offer

Best Minds in Moscow

By Malone Farrel

Lenin was holding a series of conferences with the "best minds" of Russia. "It is this resumption of business relations with the allies," he explained to them. "The Americans have sent Maartens home because they can't see the relation between a ton of Russian tungsten and a thirty-three page article by me on 'Marx Light'!"

"You yourself suggested a solution," said the great Onandoffsky. "Arrange with the Americans to open trade relations with us, on condition that we be permitted to slip

your pamphlet on 'How to Be a Bolshevik' into every sack of whatever it is we send them. Then, when they grow unsuspecting slip in your other book on 'How to Tell a Bolshevik from a Bourgeoisie.' That certainly would keep the business clear and above board."

"What about my interpretation of Karl Marx?" asked Trotsky.

"Or my interpretation of Trotsky's interpretation of Marx?" said Lenin.

"The obvious objection to that is that



Letting 'em out of the closet

Darling in New York Tribune



Spangler in Montgomery Advertiser

The Match Maker

While a political and social system is not, perhaps, to be judged by the table manners of the sisters, yet it is worthy of passing record that at a recent dinner, at which an attempt at some of the old grandeur was attempted, Litvinoff was reprimanded by an old servitor of the late Czar, for eating vegetables with his knife. We suppose they all do a Litvinoff and on!

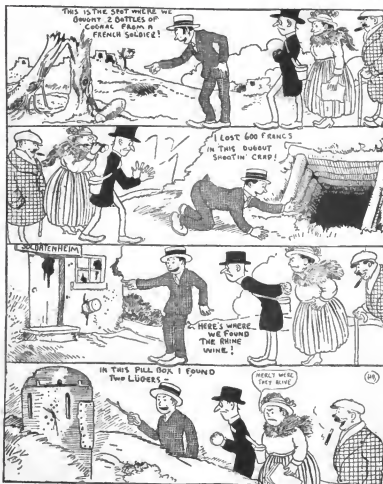
when the books reached America the editors of the Blooey Republic would try their hand at explaining us—from which, good Lord, as from all our friends, deliver us!"

"How about an interpretation of our

American friends' interpretation of us?" asked Trotsky.

"Only," said Onandoffsky, determined to have the last word, "they can't be explained either!"

□ □ □



Burrows in Blare and Berge

If you hire an ex-soldier as a guide!



Henry In St. Joseph News-Press

"Come right in, you're next!"

"Go to the Tenant!"

By Henry Lambeth

Solomon was right when, searching for a suitable figure to convey the idea of ceaseless activity, he said, Go to the tenant and learn of his highways. The ordinary tenant moves so often nowadays that he himself cannot keep track of his highways. It takes a cross-indexing system for most of us to find our latest address. Rents have got in the habit of jumping so fast that, those who predict lower prices next May to the contrary notwithstanding, there will be no spring halt this year. And every time the rent jumps the tenant, according to ten-

ative plans, performs his usual tenancies and moves on to another street. The postman does his best to follow the Solomonian injunction, but is always a lap behind—he is just about to deliver the missive; he has traced the tenant to his lair, but lo, the tenant has just packed his larder and gone on in the van. And finally, when the tenant is run down and the letter placed safe in his hands, the job which it offered as manager of the brick plant has been given to somebody in Oshkosh. And anyhow, it is time to move again!

[Concluded on page 202]



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Carr in New York World

A. Fish (customer): A 20x60 foot lot is not much for three thousand dollars!
 D. Plots (agent): But look how deep down you own. Think of that!



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Revue in New York World

"I suppose, Mr. Smythe, this property of yours would be very desirable for an apartment house."

"Yes? I'm matchin' coins with myself ta' see whether I plant it to vegetables or raise garages on it!"



"Well!"

Temple in Cleveland Plain Dealer



Put in Providence Journal

Shortly after the word had gone around that the man in the rear court was the landlord himself—

Here we have the razzing of the third floor on back, also the first and second. The landlords will hang around their buildings and court trouble—hence the term, "court." No wonder they sometimes have rents made in them. One of them will live to rue the day he visited the Rue de Court.



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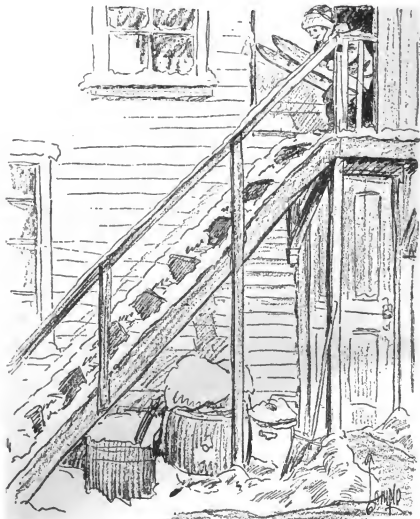
Written in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Can you beat it?

The landlord, of course, always having a simple color scheme of his own. His idea of a tenant is a person who is always changing color on him, and talking about motifs. Unless he is a green landlord, in which case he changes the wall decorations to the color desired, depending upon whether the tenant hails from Louisville or simply comes from Coshoc-ton.

To most of us the real housing problem lies in the price of rents, for we have discovered that there are enough houses

to go around, if you go around to all the houses.
Let's go!



Temple in Cleveland Plain Dealer

No hills in the neighborhood!



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Cartoon in New York World

Making a bad situation worse!

The S. R. O. Sign

By Joseph Fontaine

The Last Immigrant had arrived. America was full of people. From Ellis Island to the Golden Gate the S. R. O. sign was out. The lakes and the rivers had disappeared under a flooring of houseboats; rafts covered the ocean to the three mile limit; people, under the pressure of immigration, had even filled up Nevada; occasionally the rope barrier strung along the Canadian line

would break and a few Minnesotans would be pushed through. To an observer on Mars the country would have resembled a huge field of waving grain, as the great mass, moved by the wind, swayed back and forth.

We say, the Last Immigrant arrived at Ellis Island, which, owing to the masses aforesaid, had been towed out to the three

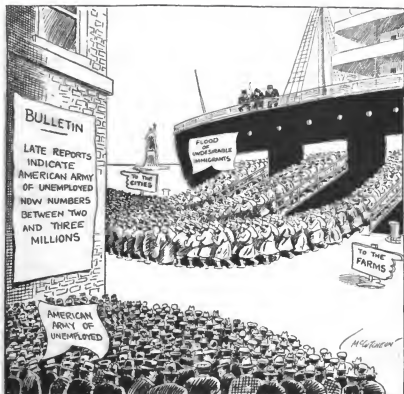
[Continued on page 207]



Spangler in Montgomery Advertiser

Rubbing it in!

There's many a ship on the trip to the New York slips, laden with banana vendors and brogan polishers and window glisteners—but where, oh where, are the farmers?



Copyright, 1915, by Chicago Tribune

McCutcheon in Chicago Tribune

Seeking more freedom!

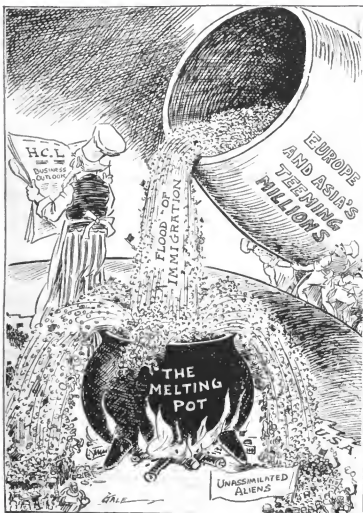
They probably haven't heard, over where they are coming from, that we have prohibition in America, and that soon they won't be able to work on Sunday—that there are several million people, indeed, who haven't anything to do on any day of the week. True, even in our larger cities over here it is not generally known that the eighteenth amendment is in force, there still being plenty of drinkers who are steady enough on their feet, but un-Volsteady in their cups.



Darling in Des Moines Register

Seeing as how Mahomes won't go to the mountain!

The way they are crossing the ocean these days, the folks over there must have got it confused with the man-row doctrine!



Gale in Los Angeles Times

Spoiling the broth!

mile limit. "I may as well go back then," he said, "back to Weatherkiosk! . . . When is the next boat?"

The immigration official looked upon his distress with pity. See here, my man, if you really want to stay supposing you

throw a life belt overboard and make yourself comfortable for a few days. It is about time for the movie hero, Douglas Bickford, to go to Europe on his annual vacation. That will make room for one more."

The Last Immigrant's eye brightened.

An idea had impinged.

"Do all the movie actors take vacations?" he asked. "And why?"

"Yes, they keep moving; no one knows why, but a movie actor goes to Europe for the same reason that bankers go to Havana; the one for change of scenery, the other for change of scenario."

"Why," said the Last Immigrant, "don't you have more movie actors, and keep them all coming and going on vacations?"

It was an idea; the officials found that by sending abroad an actor a day throughout the year from each of the different ports, an additional fifteen thousand people from Europe could be accommodated.

Only they didn't want to come. "Why go to America to see the motion picture actors," the people in Europe said, "when they are coming to us."

And we know why they keep coming now!

□ □ □



Temple in Cleveland Plain Dealer

Cash and carry



That's the trouble of having a guardian!

Fanny in St. Joseph News-Press

When Greece Her Knee By Bernerd Wells

What in Hellas is going to happen next, now that self-determination has set in and Tino is back in Athens? Something, surely. Anyhow, something always has. An ancient Hellene would, no doubt, consult the Delphic Oracle on matters of this nature. The Oracle was one of the best newspapers in ancient Greece, with eight columns, capitals and everything. There is no record that the Oracle ever stood suit for libel—probably because it was an oracular newspaper. The

object of the institution was prophecy. That went a long way with the Greeks. Profits still go a long ways with them.

But there is no oracle now. There are only traditions to fall back on, and pretty well worn traditions at that. Here is one: when Mr. Menelaus's wife, Helen, eloped with one of the boarders named Paris, Menelaus made a big fuss about it. The myth has it he fought for ten years. That is a myth that is good for a smile. No one

[Concluded on page 213]

ALL RIGHT BUT
DONT BRING YOUR
GOODFORNOTHING
HUSBAND BACK HERE
AND EXPECT US TO
SUPPORT HIM



Darling in Des Moines Register

She will insist on running off with him!



Thomas in Detroit News

The mother-in-law!

That shows the power of the patriotic impulse. Constantine was having an A-1 time in Switzerland. Even Mt. Blanc lost its head over him; he had all the expatriate German juukers to associate with he could wish; he had an opportunity to learn to yodel; he could watch the hands of the Swiss clock makers busy at their work, and at eventide he could hear the Swiss cheese calling to its mate. And yet when the call of duty came he returned to his native Greece!



McCutcheon in Chicago Tribune

Copyright, 1921, by Chicago Tribune

The allies may withdraw Greece's invitation to the feast!

The Greeks probably felt that a bird on the throne was worth more than a quarter of one on the platter. Maybe they thought that the wishbone had already been allotted, the wishbone being the father to the thought—although it may really have been the farthest from their thoughts!

would now carry on boarder warfare that long, except in Athens, Ohio. If Menelaus had had the American plan of living he would not have been disturbed.

Yes, ten years is a long time to fight—we doubt whether Jack Dempsey can keep the brawl rolling that long.

Sculpture, too, gives us an idea of the tribulations of Greek life. Like us they seem to have had talking machines. They even had a statue showing some fellow who had

got hold of a jazz record over forty days old. He is about to fling it into space. They called him "The Discus Thrower." One can't blame him. We have felt that way ourselves with a fox trot.

The Greeks had no Babe Ruth, but they had their Homer. He was a writer, his best work being a story about the illy ad, a sort of patent medicine testimonial. Yes, lots of things have happened, and the next may be an epidemic of child poets for all we know.

□ □ □



That immigration problem again!

From the Newark News



Kuott in Dallas News

The "master mind!"

In Mitigation of Thugs

By L. Pearson

It is too common a custom among our citizenry to revile the thug and those of our egoists who dabble in second-story rather than short-story activities. Mind you, I hold no brief for the criminally inclined; I leave that to the criminal lawyers. My point is merely this, that the merry stick-up men have often a redeeming quality.

They are almost always good to their folks, for example. No one has ever known

a burglar to knock down his wife with a belaying pin, when a belaying pin is one of the easiest things in the world to obtain. Mr. Daniels' ships all carry them, as also our merchant marine. Even a burglar, I admit, would have difficulty in finding Uncle Sam's merchant marine, but once he located our ship, upon it he would find several belaying pins which would hold one's wife in place for quite a long time.



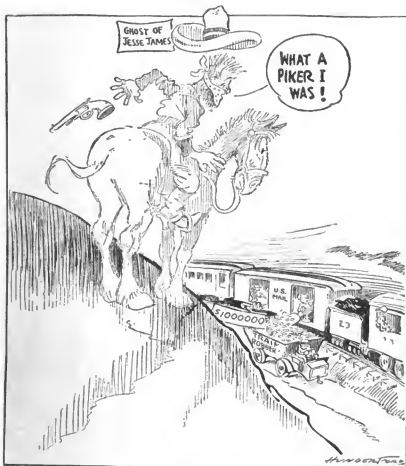
The withered arm!

Harding to Brooklyn Eagle



Darling in Des Moines Register

There is a growing suspicion that our financial reporters have not been interviewing the right parties!



Howard Chaffetz
Hungerford in Pittsburgh Sun

Times have changed!

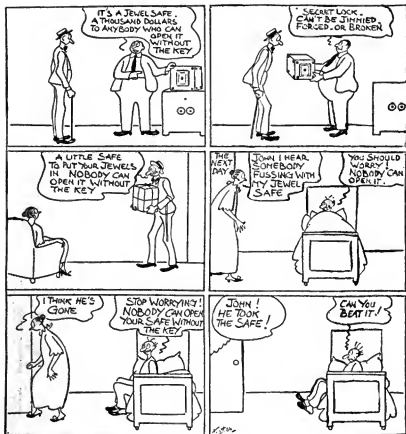
But then, a hold-up man must have bigger profits today. Jesse James had no overhead. About all he needed was a horse. The modern highwayman needs a high-powered automobile, for which he must buy gas and things from other men in the same game, but in a slightly different line.



Ireland in Columbus Dispatch

The situation calls for a sword!

Miss Justitia would do well to drop the handkerchief over her eyes again. Mr. C. Wave is such an ogler! When he tosses those wicked orbs and commits other cavatronics, the susceptible young woman immediately wafts the duster, and almost before we know it he is back crawling through our front windows and sampling our silverware and things.



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Written in Chicago Journal

Can you beat it?

The fact is, Elmer and Emma little knew how close they were to having the house run off with by the thieves, with them in it. Not many of the thieves do it, we admit, the only deterrent, however, being the consideration that they would have to pay taxes on it and hire a janitor. That would mean being a landlord, and they prefer holding 'em up their own way.

Also the burglar spares his victims long and tedious conversation leading up to the object of his visit. He comes directly to the point. He would make a poor composer of diplomatic correspondence, while whitehouse-ly notes calling upon foreign tyrants to cease treading on American toes would be quite beyond him. This is not due particularly to reticence, nor to a deficient vocabulary, but rather to his knowledge that automatic actions speak louder

than words. He believes it is better to be pistolic than apostolic!

Something is to be said for the burglar, too, on the ground that he does not try to sell you life insurance. The insurance agent talks his victim to death with malice prepense, whereas the gunman frightens you to death and, although he relieves you of a few valuables, yet at the same time he relieves you of the mortality statistics.

Yes, all in all he has mitigating qualities.

□ □ □



Donahy in Cleveland Plain Dealer

That's what he said!



Illustration in New York Evening Post

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Across the divide!

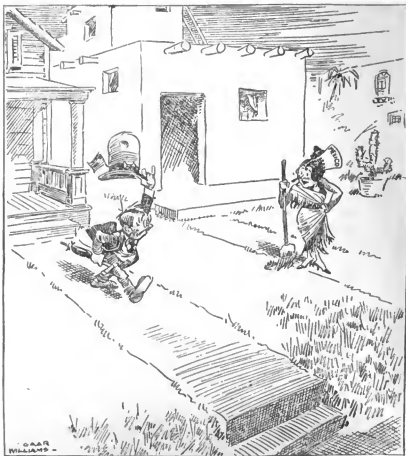
Catching Up With Mexico

By Barton Carew

If Mexico, under the lead of Obregon, persists in its present gait towards normalcy, it will soon catch up with our own republic and go marching side by side with us toward those aspects of civilization which are fast making us the wonder of the world. The Mexican people may not be ready, for a year or two, for prohibition, or for the Chautauqua, but they have all the symptoms of being on the verge of breaking out with vegetarianism and the pollyanna rash. One

might raise the point that in order to develop a genuine case of vegetarianism a people must have statistics; but our private information is to the effect that there are plenty of statistics in Mexico, if only somebody would go out and gather them—statistics of all kinds; statistics about rheumatism, and arthritis, and pip, and strabismus, and lupus, and flat feet—as horrible in their implication as the corresponding statistics in our own country. All Mexico

[Concluded on page 226]



Williams in Indianapolis News

It is now said to be in proper form to speak to one's neighbor!

The Young Lady Across the Way says that while most people think diplomatic pourparlers are all the fashion this year, yet for herself she prefers the front porch!



McCarthy in New Orleans Times Picayune

Well, here's hoping he gets along with the new nurse!

The baby should have had the perambulator earlier. It seems to be one of these new fangled kind, with brake, clutch, three speeds, though without reverse. So that all in all the new Mexico seems to be an Obregoin concern!



Morris for George Matthew Adams Service

Protected by George Matthew Adams

Mexico's threat!

Obviously it would be difficult to recognize Mexico as bolshevist. In bolshevist Russia the motto is, Do not put off until tomorrow what ye can do today, for tomorrow ye are going to die! It is rough on manana, and there are times when one believes it would be as hard on our neighbors to our south as it would be to ourselves.



Bushnell for Central Press Association

Miss Mexico, under a new peaceful régime, seeks to improve her social standing!

Miss Liberty, however, is too busy pushing the blue laws to hear her. There are senators to line up, and mass meetings to be held, and books to be written, and newspapers to be established. Not to mention putting the eighteenth amendment into effect.

wants is a vegetarian with a bent for such things to bend his energies toward making every day a Friday by and by. It is the same way with inflammation of the pollyanna gland; one might say that people down there have nothing to be glad over, whereas in our own country, where we have little enough to be happy about, there is a veritable epidemic of pollyannaism.

The situation in Mexico will be compli-

cated, of course, by celluloid cuffs and toothpicks. She will have to go through a frenzied epidemic of celluloid cuffs, and toothpicks, and galluses, and initiative-and-referendums, and things like that before she can be ready to run, neck and neck, with us toward the high state of political and social perfection which our forward lookers have set as the goal for national aspiration.

All Mexico needs is time!



Knott in Dallas News

Our Neighbor Starts Housecleaning



Herby Los
Reynolds in Tacoma Ledger

Japan is now playing that old game—"He loves me not, etc.—"

A Little Worry Now and Then

By Crawford H. White

What are we going to worry about when the Japanese problem is off our hands? Assuming, of course, that some day it will be off our hands. The Philippines are about to have their wardship ended by a grant of independence. They want it, they say, without any strings attached, obviously in fear of the tying of lovers' knots. We have become immune against the Hereulean ukulelean endeavors of the Hawaiians to corrupt our musical taste, by the wall of jazz which we have erected against it. True, the more

critical among our moralists are now indulging in enough worry over that same wall of jazz to supply "nerves" to the entire nation for generations to come, thus answering our initial question—only we know they won't keep it up; after they have worried a few more years about jazz the critics will return to the discussion of Bach: fighting with their Baeh against the wall!

Our gallant neighbor to the north we are grateful to for holding her Canadian Club over our heads, so there will be no cause

[Concluded on page 232]



Darling in Des Moines Register

Folks pick queer things to go crazy over!



Protected by George Matthew Adams

Morris for George Matthew Adams Service

Japan: Nobody loves me . . . I'm going into the garden and eat worms!



Perry in Portland Oregonian

Our European neighbors seem unduly excited!

Americans will think a whole lot before entering upon another war. The last one gave us prohibition and the sugar ration; the next one will likely bring us the blue-law amendment and a Swiss chard ration, who knows. For this reason the Pacific ocean will be very pacific for a long time to come.



Orro in Chicago Tribune

Somebody is always standing around with a pin!

Uncle Sam probably believing that the pin is mightier than the sword; that the time to puncture a balloon is before it leaves the ground; that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of intervention; and not being a believer in the larger ballooncy. Meanwhile he watches waitfully—maybe in the thought that the balloon will rip a seam, or at least seem a-rip.

for worry in that direction, while Cuban designs on our sobriety are the very least of our worries. The Pan-American movement is solving any concern, too, which might arise over our relations with the South American republics—since we thus confine the panning of America to the western hemisphere.

All in all, we wonder whether it wouldn't

be wise to keep the Japanese problem open as a convenient and pleasant source of worry. It is always advisable, as it is human, to grow gray hairs over the things most remote, since it affords greater scope for the imagination; while more or less of ignorance concerning real conditions close at hand keep on in a state of perpetual bliss.

Why be a Japanese crêpe hanger?

□ □ □



Donsley in Cleveland Plain Dealer

Pa isn't the only one that enjoys that talking machine!



From Punch © London

Fed-up owner (to holiday artist): Charming, my dear young lady—charming—with one important omission. You've forgotten to put in the notice on the tree!

Art and the Mart

By N. 34

Artists, unlike poets, are sometimes made. Indeed, a single picture will often "make" an artist. The old saw, so far as that is concerned, is not quite true with respect even to poets. I know a poet who wrote a lyric entitled, "Sweet are the Excuses of Adversity," and got a booking on the Chautauqua circuit on the strength of it, and today he owns a twin-six, an eight, and a six—twenty-six cylinders in all, while his

wife rolls a wicked electric. Another man wrote a lampoon on his congressman, but, failing to sell it, he began every second and third words with a capital letter and began a new line with it. Then he entitled it "Gargoyle," and a famous editor paid him two dollars and seventy-five cents for it, and today that man is a bright and shining light in the free-verse field. He also owns an automobile, exhibiting a fine scorn for

[Concluded on page 237]



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Rehse in New York World

IN VINO DANDYLIONESS

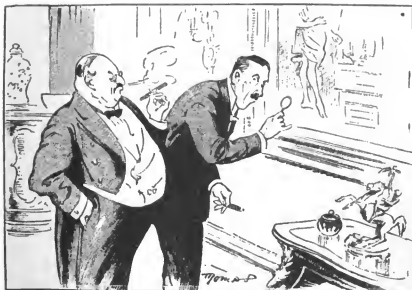
Jimmy: Me an' pop loves danderlines!

Paintress: Cooked as greens, I suppose!

Jimmy: Yeh. I like 'em cooked and pop likes 'em fermented!



From London Mail
Joke artist (after a day full of rejections, to editor): Here, what are you laughing at?



From London Opinion
Guest: You said this was by Raphael; it's signed Rachael.
Host: Oh, yes, my boy, he put everything in his wife's name!



From the New York World

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The faithful Onija!

And now if this Onija artist would give us authentic portraits of the Duke of Oshkosh, and Viscount Kokomo and Discount Forcash! Strange to say, while many a man is a bear on Zanesville, there is no Baron Zanesville. That shows how far behind we are. Why, the closest we come to having even nights any more is 1.75 per cent!

taxicabs, since he objects to meters on general principle.

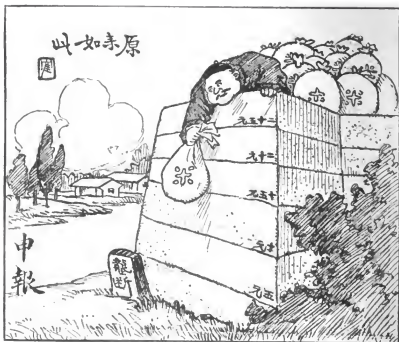
But to the point that proves my contention. Joshua Reynolds Jones, having finished his ninety-ninth picture, "Diana at Her Bath," had just seen to the door the last of the guests to his afternoon's reception, and was hanging up the new picture beside the other ninety-eight. He was wondering whether the Dutchman would trust him for another meal. For the guests had

drained the teapot and emptied the last wafer cartons. "Cartons—wafers—! Ah, I have it!" And Joshua took down the picture and drew on it this legend: "And now for a box of UTELLEM WAFERS!" Next morning Joshua sold the picture to Utellem Inc. for ten thousand dollars, and got a contract for a dozen more, and when the magazines came out next month he woke up and had to pinch himself. . . . Biscuits had made him!



Lesson in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

The efficiency expert discovers how to get the window open without making the office
grouch angry!



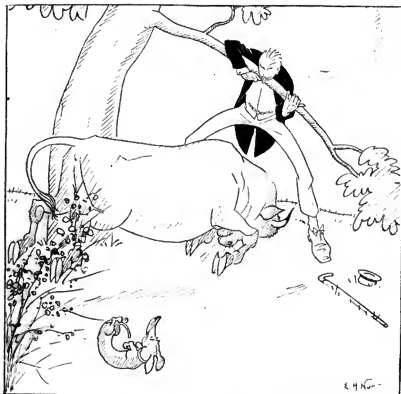
From Shen Pao, Shanghai

THE RICE CRISIS IN CHINA

(The high prices of rice, made possible by profiteering dealers, serves as a high wall which makes it almost impossible for the people to obtain it. The figures on the wall indicate the ascending scale of prices.)

On the Satiring Line

"Don't satire until you see the whites of their eyes!" is the motto of the foreign caricaturists. The Shen Pao cartoon, reproduced above, and the series of seven which follow, show that you've only to give a cartoonist a bottle of ink to make him think! Or a nifty crayon to make him lay out!



From Meppenborfer Blätter (N. Munich

THE CHALLENGE

"And this is what comes of my whistling 'Toreador'!"

Which shows that, while it may be all right to whistle to keep up one's courage, yet one should be discreet and have a thought to what it is he whistles. It is horrible to contemplate what might have happened had Hans been whistling from Faust, or the close shave he would have had if he had chosen an air from the Barber of Seville.



From Reynolds Newspaper

THE BATTLE OF THE BOTTLES
 They've found out what the people want,
 And now we hope they're happy;
 Some want a lot—some all they've got,
 And others not a "drappie."

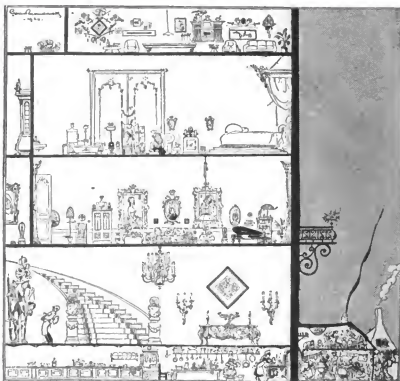
All quotations on boot legs for the Scotch market are off. Also the wood alcohol and the coffin market have run into a slump, we understand, the populace, however, wearing a decided polly-anno look.



From Kiehmradstach © Berlin

THE NEW LOUIS AND HIS MINISTERS
Millerand: L'Etat c'est moi!

The honors are about even, now. We remember that two years ago the Paris papers were doing similar cartoons about President Ebert, of Germany. Anyhow, we can take off our hat to any man, premier or president or peasant, who can get together as large a collection of eggs as M. Millerand is here shown to be surrounded by.



From De Notenkraker, Amsterdam

THE HOUSE SHORTAGE

Too much for one—too little for the other!

Even the people who used to live in a sabot can't afford to buy the sabot. It is not a sabot age. Everybody now has his shoes repaired; it is the day of the soler and the re-soler—who have organized a soler system whereby one's foot gear, when one is through with it, is about as useful as a score card in a presidential golf twosome.



From Punch © London

WORTH A TRIAL

Ulsterman: Here comes a gift horse for the two of us. We'd best not look him too close in the mouth!

Southern Irishman: I'll not look at him at all!

Ulsterman: Oh, you'll think more of him when you see the way he moves with me on his back!

Ireland is being let in for a lot of trouble, with two senates provided for by the new home-rule bill. President Wilson will say Erin is being let in for a lot of trouble!



From Kasper, Stockholm

THE ÅLAND ISLANDS
 Whichever side the apple goes,
 Depends upon the wind that blows!

Anyhow, with all this amity running loose in Scandinavia, that apple won't cause as much trouble as the Ben Davis that started all that Garden of Eden fuss.

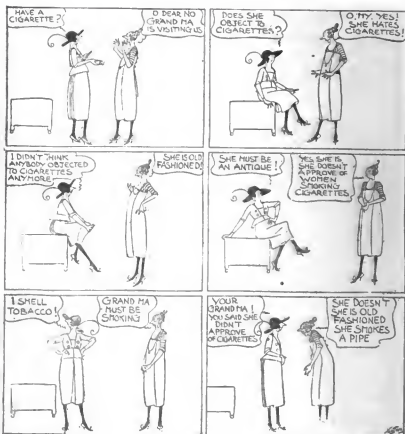


Die Bombe, Vienna

BOYCOTT

Austria (to Hungary): I'll show you! I'll boycott you until I starve!

It would take more than a boycott threat to surprise the Hungarians. After enduring a bolshevik régime for several months, and being blockaded by the Russian soviets, and trying to increase the goulash crop, and to translate the Versailles peace treaty into Hungarian, and designing a new set of postage stamps, a boycott is no more in the day's work than appointing a cabinet is in the grind of a president-elect in America.



Written in New York World

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Can you beat it?

Rules for the Prodigious

By Raymond McLeod

Although Lady Nicotine has long been a source of inspiration to writers and artists, the tobacco habit has been taken up by but few of our literary prodigies. L. Walter Van Dalrymple-Smith, the four-year-old

author of "My Memoirs," says that he will never write a letter of recommendation to a tobacco manufacturer in all his life, because he will never smoke. Miss Patricia Patrick, aged four, who has published her

[Concluded on page 249]



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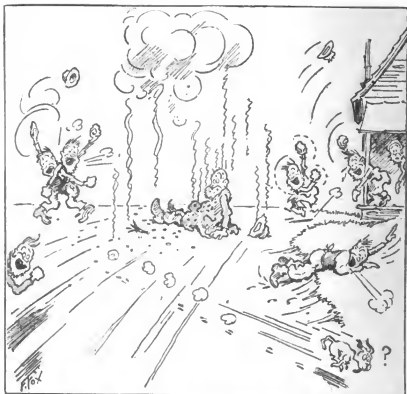
Rebus in New York World

"I'LL TELL THE WORLD!"

"Jimmy, dese trusts is sumpin fierce."

"Why is that?"

"Day raises de price of ciggies on me big brother Jack an' cuts down an de coupons, an' where da I come in ter git me baseball mitt by de time de season opens?"



Fog in Louisville Courier-Journal

Copyright, 1921, by Fontaine Fox

All day long April first old man Mayfield had tried in vain to get some one to smoke that explosive cigar!



From London Opinion

Sandy (with pipe): Ye 'ave stopit her up! A' canoa feel her draw!
Mac (having had first go): Ah cool!

first volume of poems, "Rattlers I Have Known," says cigarettes must be bad, because her doctor will not let her have them.

For the sake of those who do smoke, however, a few rules of conduct may prove helpful. One should not smoke, for example, while being perambulated to church of Sunday mornings, although chewing may be indulged in without breach of etiquette.

Smoking jackets need not be worn by male prodigies under five years of age.

Snuff taking should be reserved, as in the case of adults, for more mature years. Eleven years, say. The age is not arbitrarily exact, but one might say that a child, whether a writer or an artist, should not use snuff before he has reached the years of say ten or twelve.

And if you are an artist prodigy, save your coupons. They can often be exchanged for meals!

Say it with meals!

□ □ □



Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

The law-made man



Peace in Newark News

Helpfulness, not guardianship!

Immediators—and Others

By Isham Correy

Is it going to become a regular custom for out-going presidents to take a job somewhere as mediator? Theodore Roosevelt went to Africa as a sort of unofficial mediator between the lions and lionesses as

parties of the first part and the American museums of natural history as party of the second part. William Howard Taft went to Yale as mediator between a bunch of law students and Messrs. Blackstone and



Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

A test indeed!

Won't somebody introduce her? In the bright lexicon of the Young Turk there is no such phrase as "moral force."



Knott in Dallas News

Comrades!

S. P. 9



An Xmas tie!

Spangler in Montgomery Advertiser



Page in Louisville Courier-Journal

The president's hold on Turkey!

It is to be hoped that the president's hold on Turkey will be stronger than that on the senate; that it will be more like his hold on Jasephus, say!



Material held for Newspaper Enterprise Association

Giddap!

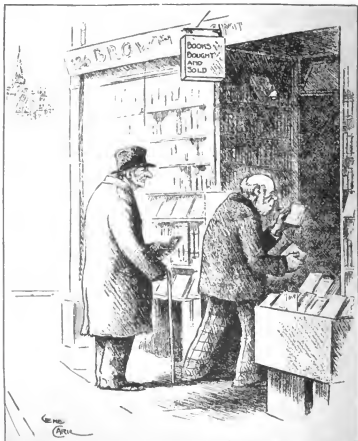
The Turkey doesn't know where he's going, but he is on his way. He is all dressed up, and has no place to blow!

Kent. And now Woodrow is getting into the Armenia-Turk controversy, with the prospects in view of a long task that will get him into Kars or Mush about the time Warren G. is getting in Dutch with the ten men, individually and collectively, who want to be postmaster at Hoosus Falls, Indiana.

We repeat, is it to become a custom for our expiring presidents to go somewhere to mediate? And we answer, we think not, because by the time President Harding is

ready to hand the reins over to his successor there will be nothing to mediate over, except Russia, and, leave it to our American reds, the Russian question is immediate. The reader will suggest Ireland as a possible field for operation, but it will be several years before Ireland has home rule and therefore needs the services of a mediator, and by that time we ourselves will be fully blue-lawed and in need of the services of an expert mediator.

□ □ □



Cart in New York World

Copyright, 1911, by Frazz Publishing Co.

The best of friends must sometimes part



Kirby in New York World

The last witch!

The Anapests

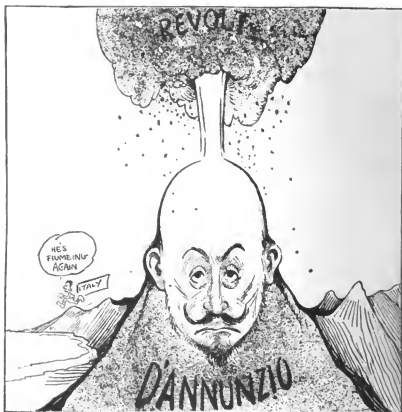
By Joseph Fontaine

Italy, with the d'Annunzio revolt on her hands, is less to be pitied than one might think. When a poet is shooting his countrymen with carbines he is not attacking them with Alexandrines. In our own country, we know, we would be willing to face an army of free-verse poets armed

with horse pistols if only they would keep Pegasus tied up.

We need never hope, however, for poets to spring a *coup* in our own country. Louis Untermeyer seizing Newark and defying the rest of America is unthinkable, just as it would be difficult to vision Amy

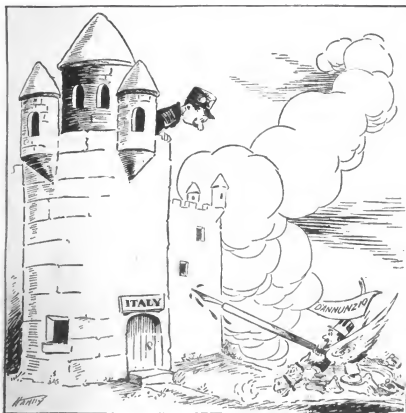
[Concluded on page 261]



Hungerford to Pittsburgh Sun

Mt. Vesuvius

Gabrielle is not exactly an Attie poet, but he's an Adriatic one. When he's not scanning his lines, he is scanning the political horizon, in which act you observe him above. Maybe he is wondering when he will reach a casura. . . . He is determined to write it out on that line if it takes all summer!



Mining 16 St. Joseph News-Press

Jack the giant killer (?)

And sure enough, here we have the charge of the write brigade. The Italian poet would rather write than be president; but then, we know of men who have written and been president both—men of many notes. And if Major or whatever he is d'Annunzio can be president with his left hand and be a lyric poet with his write one, who shall say him neigh? Certainly not Pegasus!



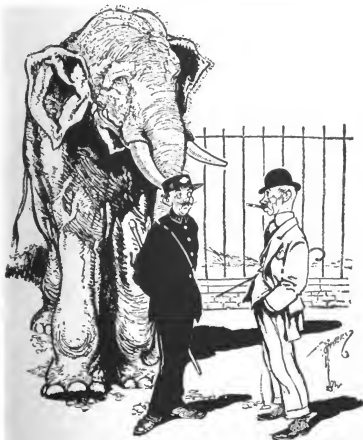
Peace in Newark News

"The man on horseback!"

Lowell raising the flag of revolution in Boston and daring Josephus Daniels to bring on his boat. The trouble with our own poets is that they prefer the *croix de vers* to the *croix de guerre*. They would rather be bright than be president; they believe that the pentameter is mightier than the sword; that counter-point is more deadly than counter-attack. And they are right, of course, and if only the poets would only brigade themselves and seize some rare old

port like Newport and do an *Ajax*, the rest of us would become pre-warfully serene. But the American poets would not do it that way; they would insist on seizing each man his own port (for there is a port side to most of our poets, especially the Greenwich Villagers), and as there are not enough ports, even if we include Brooklyn, to go around, we shall have to go on putting up with their versiflage.

No, we are not in the d'Annunzio Age.



From Passing Show, London

Interfering party: Queer sort o' profession you've taken up, mate!
 Attendant: Yes! As a matter of fact, my people wanted me to be a parson!
 Interfering party: Ah, there you are! As the sayin' goes, "Yer can't serve Gawd and mammoth!"



Cassel in New York World

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The great bird of freedom!

The "Go" in Indigo

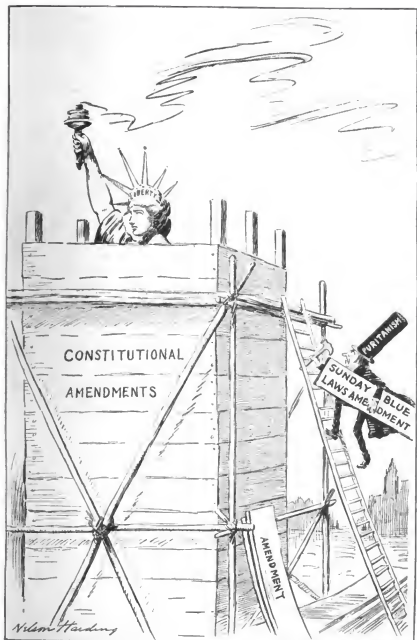
By Malone Farrel

Indignation will sweep the country when it becomes the first in-dug nation of the world. For now to the water which they gave us the reformers are going to add the blues.

After all, the early settlers were not so settled as we had been led to believe. One can easily see one of our knee-panted ancestors, not in the act of signing the Declaration of Independence, but in the colonial kitchen at Sunday breakfast time, turning

the oat quaker with one hand and chucking the whiles he chucks Nora, the maid, under the chin with the other. No need to fear even if Mrs. Ancestor does catch him in the act. He had the law on his side and would be punished if he *did* show affection for his wife on that day. That is a sign of a real declaration of independence. The only wonder is that so many pieces of colonial furniture are left intact as there are.

No, they will not be such a drastic re-



Never knows where to stop!

Harding in Brooklyn Eagle



Kirby in New York World

"Welcome, sister!"

It is to be hoped that the Holy Dame will be more successful in putting over Sunday observance than the Prohibition Person has been in the liquor traffic. The country has trouble enough on its hands without having to look after boot-legging in dominoes or draughts. Or a clandestine indulgence in golf. Sports which are bad enough when played in the open!



McCarthy in New Orleans Times Picayune

"My ma says I can't play with you fellows!"

The reforming persons have ot heart, in all this Sundoy business, the welfare of the worker who, in order to keep Sundoy omusements and business going, ore required to be on the job seven doys o week. But of whot use is their Sundoy if there is nothing left to do on it. The street car motormon has his golf taken from him, while the Pullmon conductor, pulling up ot twelve o'clock of a Soturday night three miles out of Newark, is in for a lonesome twenty-four hours.



Thomas in Detroit News

Reform which hopes to prohibit Sunday motoring!

Yes, the ban on Sunday pleasures will be a blow to a lot of family men. The husband who of a Sunday morning washes the dishes of the night before; who brews the breakfast gruel, which he carries, uxoriously to his wife in bed; who brings out the little go-cart and takes the baby for a turn in the park—the husband who fills up the day with little pleasures like that will be hard hit by the twentieth amendment.



Bushnell for Central Press Association

Twentieth amendment? Watch your step!

We don't take much stock in the stocks, but the curfew is all right. Provided they ring it late enough. In our opinion two o'clock is late enough for anybody to be about, while the ducking stool will show that there are other uses to put water to besides drinking and floating boots in.

version, the blue laws. We have abolished the pillory but we still have stocks on the market, with gamblers in them. Nor will there be hardships under the new code. There will be no more Sunday baseball or anything else. Men will be taken from the cellar to the cell, and from the tennis to the police court. If Fido runs away of Sunday mornings, one cannot whistle for it until Monday and that may be too late for him to hear. Even bridge whist, mumbetty peg and leap frog will be taboo.

The law of averages, you see, has not been repealed. Just when we have added ten years to our lives by abstinence from liquor, we lose fifty days a year by abstinence from anything else.

I know what these reformers want to do. They want to take your books away from you.

You may talk of gin and beer,
Of putting people out of gear—
Yet even now we're in an awful stew!

□ □ □



Lement in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

The unofficial chaperone!



Smith in Des Moines News

Wouldn't it be cheaper to build a new bridge than to go on paying toll forever?

Bolts from the Corn Belts

By Willman N. Henry

Agricultural America was divided during the twentieth century into belts. There was the corn belt, and the wheat belt, and the cotton belt and the leather belt!

In addition to the belts, there were the dry-farming areas. The dry farmers became most prevalent on and after July 1, 1919. The poet who had sung in undying numbers of the embottled farmers was all right in his day, but with the passing of the Concord grape and the wine-sap apple, the

agriculturist became as dry as a dehydrated cuttle-bone.

Prohibition, however, was not responsible entirely for draining the country of its rural population. Young men found it more lucrative building a classy chassis in an automobile plant than staying on the farm and marrying a sassy lassie; it was more fun driving a Willing Twelve about the boulevards than riding about the oat stubble on a sulky plow. The collar-ad boys

[Concluded on page 273]

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Joins in New York Evening Post

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How long can he hold out?

Cyrus says that it is all right to say it with flours, but that he can't afford to donate the flours. The farmer has a lot of milling to do before he raises enough to make America's wheat cakes, enough barley for the barley water. And yet a high authority says that many a had carrier made more money in a single day last summer than some farmers made during the entire season. . . . Say it with meals!

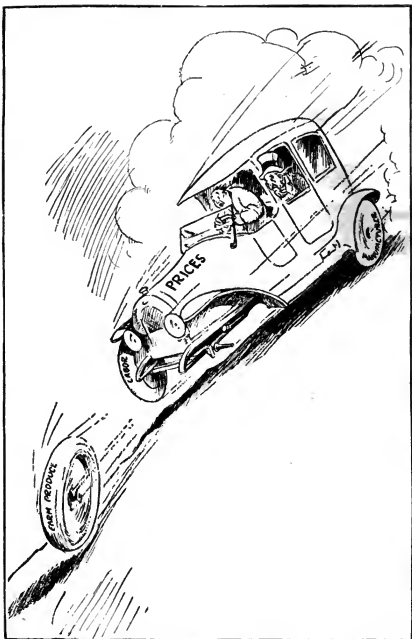


Copyright, 1921, by Chicago Tribune

McCutcheon in Chicago Tribune

Remedies in sight!

The same authority, a practical farmer, declared that he could walk into a drug store with as many cabbages in his arms as he could carry, and they would no more than buy him a soft drink. Our own conjecture is that a man carrying a gross or so of cabbages would get no farther than the portals of a smart, up-to-date drink emporium. Allowing, however, for the sake of argument, that he would, one must concede that the farmer is cutting in on a small share of the ultimate price of his cabbages.



were a contributing cause. A boy on the farm had difficulty in looking leyendeckery. At first it meant shaving every day, and this meant neglecting the barley; and when finally he did acquire the art of the smooth shave the styles changed on him, the boys in the ads appearing with an unshaven as-

pect that meant doing one's shaving the night before—the result being that many a young man made up his mind that he would best go to the city where he could see the ads every day and keep up to the minute.

Moral: Boys will be boys!

□ □ □



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Carr in New York World

"That bird has more enemies than anybody in our office!"
 "How fortunate!"
 "Fortunate? How come?"
 "Why, at least they don't borrow money from him!"



Dorothy in Cleveland Plain Dealer

Pa's gotta be left alone!

Taxing Our Arithmetic

By N. 34

The income tax situation is not so hopeless as it sounds. There are two or three simple ways of beating it. It may be treason to say it, but there are means by which you can make out a taxless income sheet.

The secret lies, not in lying, but in annexing a few dependents. At two hundred dollars a dependent one can see that a mother-in-law and a few adopted children will make your tax practically nil—and you can pay it willy-nilly. Good up-to-date mothers-in-law are, of course, rather difficult to find, and still more difficult to find out, and

anyhow you will have to take what the parson gave you; but put the thing up to the mother-in-law whom you drew; put it up to her frankly, and she will be as dependent as anybody could wish, certainly two hundred dollars' worth, which is as much as the law allows.

Having installed a modern mother-in-law, ivory finish and guaranteed durability, your next task will be the selection of a few wards, enough, at two hundred dollars each, and added to your mother-in-law, to get you exemption. Wards come high—



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Rebas in New York World

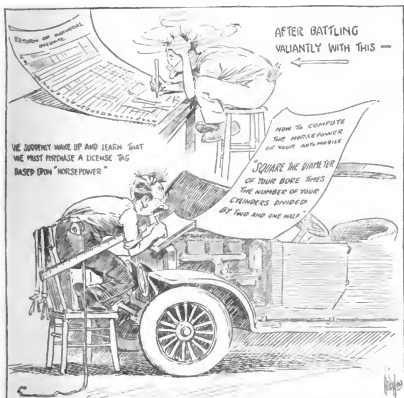
Mr. McSilver, professor of higher mathematics, whose salary is ridiculously inadequate in these days of the H. C. L., picks up quite a bit of change on the side by figuring out income taxes at the homes of the newly rich!



Darling in Des Moines Register

A timely reminder!

The fact being, of course, that one tells enough yarns unwittingly, when making out his income tax report, without resorting to conscious fabrication. Many a man has Boron Munchausen foded when it comes to the Anonias idea.



Ireland in Columbus Dispatch

Help!

Whoever started this idea of mathematics was letting the world in for a lot of trouble. Euclid was the little trouble maker. Not the Euclid who laid out the avenue, but the one who wrote the book. Mr. Einstein is said to have overthrown the Euclidian theory, whatever it was. But we go on making out income tax returns, and working out losses from stock slumps just the same.



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Carr in New York World

Movie of a man trying to think how he will meet his raise in rent, his Christmas bills, the last instalment of his income tax, the winter coal bill and hold an umbrella over his wife at the same time!

wards always come high, especially in the spring elections. But then, exemptions are also high: they came high during the war, when strong, robust men were obliged to work in shipyards in exchange for a good seaworthy exemption. It is a comparatively

simple matter, just now, to obtain orphans for adoption, especially Armenian ones, who would be grateful, not only to the land of their adoption, but to the landlord of their adoption.

But who will award the wards?

□ □ □



Stamped in The Bystander, London

"A box of sweets!"



Lesson in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Bessie's beau had presence of mind enough to give little Tommy a birthday present that couldn't be played with in the parlor!

The Love Lorners

By Louise Sprague

The Sunday dozing movement, while not aimed at Sunday-night sweeties, yet at the same time will have a very great effect upon the love lorners. The expressions of opinion which I have obtained show this very clearly.

The attitude of the Rev. R. Quack-cubos Soboss is representative. "The so-called 'blue-laws' will render Sunday safe and sane for the swains," said the great reformer. "As Sunday approaches the more reticent among them know not a moment's peace, in their endeavor to look and act

johnndrewly. The hours that they spend before the mirror, adjusting cravats and manipulating the breast-pocket silk handkerchief could be better spent upon the ukulele."

Edwui's mother is of the same opinion, although she does not much fancy the ukulele. "I would prefer the cornet, although a kettle drum would be soothing compared with Eddie's efforts at acquiring sartorial aplomb and a casual sofa stance!" she thought. "Yes, if the blue-laws will

[Concluded on page 285]



From London Mail

Pa: My daughter, sir, will remain under the parental roof!
Suitor: That's very kind of you. With the acute house shortage, that will be most convenient for us both!



Copyright, 1931, by Fontaine Fox

Fox in Providence Journal

PATHETIC FIGURES

The young lover who wanted to lower the parlor window shade before his sweetie came down stairs!





Copyright, 1921, by New York Post Co., Inc.

Jacobson in New York Evening Post

REMEMBER HOW IT FELT—
The first time your beau called!

More important still, do you remember the last time your first beau called? He was a nice enough sort, was Edgar, but unfortunately he asked father one night if he had a cigarette on him—and father a deacon in the church and everything!



Donkey in Cleveland Plain Dealer

"—and that settles it!"

turn Edwin's energies into more useful channels I would welcome them. Why, I could put up with even a dark-brown law."

Milly's mother was even more emphatic. "Of course a mother must expect the young men," she said. "If a young woman is to marry, *pourparlers* are necessary—but oh, the poor parlors! Ours is utterly useless to five-sixths of the family on Sunday night. It is a terrible waste of efficiency! I shall

be happy if a Sunday closing amendment opens our parlor!"

I next questioned Milly, who evatanguayed an "I don't care!" Edwin, however, was less indifferent. He was, indeed, tragic when I pointed out to him the full consequences of a more rigid Sabbath observance.

"Sic," he siced, as only a "high" sophomore can sic—"sic transit gloria Sunday!"

□ □ □



Armstrong in Tacoma News-Tribune

Turn it off completely while we fix it right



Carr in New York World

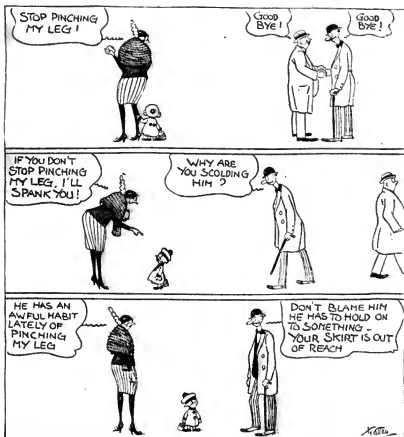
Copyright, 1931, by Press Publishing Co.

No. 13, D. S. C.: Huh! When a gent tears up a letter you can pick it up with four stabs!

A Few Jazzticulations

But then, No. 13 must remember that the note which got torn up was written by a gent. It probably needed to be mangled to the point where it could not be pieced together again by nosey detectives and newsy reporters.

The above and the seven drawings which follow are a few of the jassition notes in a month of important events.



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Ketten in New York World

Can you beat it?

A New York physician, for example, has come out boldly in defense of the abbreviated kind, in spite of little draw-backs such as Ketten shows above. It is all to woman's physical health, and to the male moral health, she says. . . . Is there a limit to health?



Cesare in New York Times

Symbols of Anglo-Saxon unity!

John Drinkwater, the English poet and dramatist, has declared Lincoln in America and Shakespeare in England to be representative of the very highest types which the Anglo-Saxon race has produced; symbols of that unity of spirit and purpose which must keep the two peoples marching side by side.



Fourth In Fort Wayne Journal-Gazette

If they stop everything on Sunday, how can we tell when Monday comes!

That is not so much the point as whether we shall care if Monday ever comes. For when Monday only comes to bring next Sunday that much closer and with Tuesday and the other days conspiring to the same end, why should Monday come?



Tardley in San Francisco Bulletin

THE "LOW DOWN"

In signing the concession which we have granted to the Americans, we make acute the relations between America and Japan!

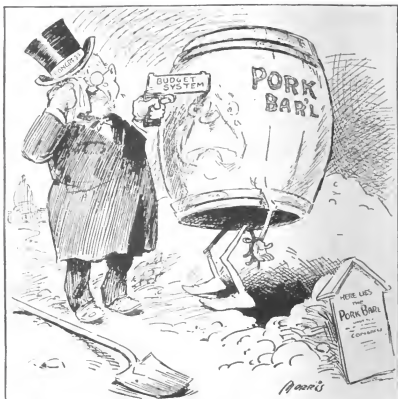
The above words accompanied the Siberian concession which Lenin gave to the Vanderlip syndicate. If one may judge from opinion thus far expressed in America and Japan, Lenin is about to be made a candidate for the grand order of the Double Cross.



Hangerford in Pittsburgh Sun

Another housing problem!

People who write glowing facts about America, long ago discovered that we have the largest German city in the world except Hamburg and Berlin and a few other places, one of the largest Italian cities in the world, and with Greece and all the other Europeans' country somewhere in the list. But we haven't a Latvian largest city, or a Jugo-Slav or a Czecho-Slovak—because these folks just got going a year ago. Maybe this explains our immigrants—they desire to help us fill in our list of "greatest _____ cities in the world out side of _____"



Motiv for George Matthew Adams Service

Protected by George Matthew Adams

Congress: This is going to hurt me more than it does you!

At the same time, a budget system will spoil the Congressional Record for a great many people who depended upon the reported debates of the muck-racking congressmen for the excitement that others of us get out of Nick Carter and Tarzan. The pork-barrel being to the pure-minded in our national legislature what a red flag is to an Irish bull.

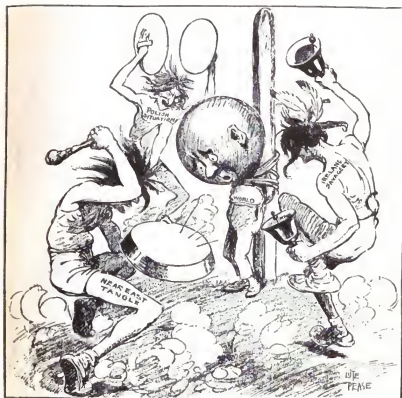


Photo in Newark News

The ghost dance!

We wouldn't say that the world was tied to a steak exactly—rather to a roast. From Patagonia to Greenland it is being roasted, and from Moscow in the east to William Jennings Bryan in Nebraska. All that is lacking now is the banquet.



Knott in Dallas News

Changing the color of the Emerald Isle

Conning the Consensuses

By C. O'Neal

One who, seeking a consensus of opinion upon which to base his own attitude toward the Irish situation, will find how few consensuses there are running about wild, and how widespread is culture in our land. Just as an example I might cite the case of McGoorty, my friend McGoorty, whose grandfather came from County Mayo. I asked McGoorty what he thought of the Irish question, and his reply showed that he had gained a most intimate knowledge of facts concerning the carpet industry in Kurdistan. "I have found," he said, "that if all the Kur-

distan rugs in America were placed end to end they would reach from here to Orion (which was getting somewhat close to the Irish) and as far back again as the Dog Star."

"And why the Dog Star?" I asked.

"They would run out of the 'Woof woofs!'" he explained.

"And what about the warp?" I quizzed.

"Oh, there's plenty of that in this country, although it is fast being used up by people who send anonymous insulting letters upon the Irish question to editors."



(A very small band of terrorists is imposing its policy on Ireland. We know their names, General Macready.)
DUBLIN CASTLE OFFICIAL: It can't deceive us. It's a mouse and we are going to sweep it.

Tom, in London Star



Wilmet Lunt in *The Flycatcher*

"Come back to Erin"



That "Double Policy" for Ireland

From the Newark Evening News



Hungerford in Pittsburgh Post

Almost asleep

Another man of wide information was McCampbell, whose mind I sought on the present disturbances in Erin. "Read this," he said, in reply, handing me a bit of a poem. "What do you think of it? Done by Ann, my three-year old daughter. Doesn't it sound just like Amy Lowell? And do

you know, she has never read a line of free verse in her life."

Pierre Bouafide, of New Orleans, likewise displayed a discriminating taste.

"Here, let me fill up your glass!" he replied, which quite disposed of the question, so far as I was concerned.

□ □ □



Dennis in Cleveland Plain Dealer

Hen, of the Bilville foursome, shows Ed where he's off for a drive



IN COURT CIRCLES

And so the White House tennis court is to resume its old-time glory under the Harding régime. Signifying, we suppose, that service will be the big idea in the new administration!



"LOVE ALL!"

The new "tennis court cabinet" will, of course, obey the biblical injunction to "love" one another!



REVOLUTION

In his too little known volume of essays, "Twelve Types," Gilbert K. Chesterton has a word about the William Morris aesthetic revolution that holds a great truth for all reform. When Morris was denouncing the dresses of modern ladies, says Chesterton, "he would hold up for practical imitation the costumes and handicrafts of the Middle Ages. Further than this retrogressive and imitative movement he never seemed to go. Now, the men of the time of Chaucer had many evil qualities, but there was at least one exhibition of moral weakness they did not give. They would have laughed at the idea of dressing themselves in the manner of the bowmen at the battle of Senlac, or painting themselves an aesthetic blue, after the custom of the ancient Britons. They would not have called that a movement at all. Whatever was beautiful in their dress or manners sprang honestly and naturally out of the life they led and preferred to lead.

And it may surely be maintained that any real advance in the beauty of modern dress must spring honestly and naturally out of the life we lead and prefer to lead."

Our economic revolutionists want to take us further back than this. They want to take the world back to the time when primitive barter had not yet thought of money as a convenient medium of exchange; back prior to standards of intelligence and native ability, and the consequent division of men and women into classes—back, in fine, to the economic equivalent of the fig-leaf period in dress. If that was a dangerous place to start from *once* (and our revolutionists assure us that it was there we got our bad start), have we any assurance that the human race will do better a second time? If we must have change, cannot it be ahead, and not back and then another attempt at ahead?



QUAFFING THE HOME-BREW

Still, most of us are not so much interested in the Gilbertian quips as the Chestertonian quaffs. An observation suggested by our curiosity as to how G. K. C. will get on over here with our home-brewed ale—or our home-ailing brew!



AROUND THE CORNER

Where, after a bad day at the office, do you find the most relaxation? I don't mean just an ordinary day, from eight or nine until five, but one of those days when you begin a drive against your work that brings

you up against ten o'clock. Your mind is tired and refuses to relax by means of a cigar, a movie, or a walk along the avenue. And you are hungry—too hungry to wait till you get home.

I have made a discovery—the sedative qualities of the "arm-chair joint" (so it is called in the parlance of our office) around the corner. A busy place during the day, it is quiet enough at ten o'clock; the furniture, too, has been slicked up, the coffee tanks radiate shininess, and the attendants are urbane—which is a consideration.

With a mug of coffee in one hand and a "pretzel" in the other, I search for a chair in a location conducive to rest. I hesitate between a seat in the window, which is really the most exclusive spot, and a chair which has the advantage of being nearer the sugar and things. The window seat has the disadvantage of making one easily observable from the outside, but as comparatively few people pass at this time of night, I am willing to sacrifice my dignity and be mistaken for a street car conductor, and choose the point of comfort.

Then I sit down to perfect comfort, my legs stretched out in utter abandon, and between bites at my pretzel making minute observations of the landscape borders worked out in the mosaics of the wall. Occasionally a customer comes in and heads for my corner, but I cast at the intruder an ugly frown and he gets no further than the drinking fountain.

At this point a word about "pretzels," lest you suspect my patriotism. They are not what you mean by pretzels. They are not the old Hunnish pretzel that we knew before the Hoover period, but a sort of pretzelized coffee cake. They have the crinkly shape of the old pretzel, but not the substance.

Diversion is afforded in a number of ways. The most frequent is the advent of a stew. In some incredible manner he manages to get inside and to buy and imbibe his meal, and then he suddenly becomes loquacious. This is the signal for the man at the fruit end of the counter to approach, lead him to a compartment of the revolving door, and, with a movement of his right arm, swing him into the street. If the man has retained sufficient wit he stays in the compartment and presently confronts the astonished

waiter. He is not to be tricked this time, is the waiter. He turns the door just far enough to leave the drunk opposite him, then with a deft movement slips his foot into the door and so prevents its going farther. The bewildered stew pauses a moment, muttering a word or two, and then passes on into the night.

A half-hour over my coffee and the zig-zaggy paths cut into my brain by the confusing events of the day are obliterated; I begin to think of things in a composed and orderly fashion, and am ready for the train that carries me home.

□ □ □

FAIRY TALES FOR THE GROWN-UPS

John Masefield says that "boys like books that open their horizons. Nowadays the books they love are about airplanes and airships, 'wind-shouldering airships,' from which the earth looks like a mouldy chess-board. We had not that freedom in the past," John continues. "Then the great plain of Texas was the horizon, the fenceless plain, over which Mangas Coloradas still rode with his troop to take the scalps of the pale face." . . . And most of our fairy tales still come from Texas; the horizons may not have broadened, but the zeniths have risen—with the sky the limit!

WHIM

By Conrad Aiken

*When trout swim down Great Ormond Street,
And seagulls cry above them lightly,
And hawthornes heave cold flagstones up,
To blossom whitely,*

*Against old walls of houses there,
Gustily shaking out in moonlight
Their country sweetness on sweet air;
And in the sunlight,*

*Along the margin of that water,
Children dip white feet and shout,
Casting nets in the braided water
To catch the trout:*

*Then I shall hold my breath and die,
Swearing I never loved you: no,
"You were not lovely," I shall cry,
"I never loved you so!"*

ON BROOKS IN WINTER TIME

Everyone knows those notions that come to us about improving the universe. Mountains and rivers and valleys—really nature showed an astonishing lack of foresight when she planned some of these things. Mount Aconcagua, or Chimborazo—why, with the foundations which she gave these peaks, was nature content with rearing their crests a paltry twenty thousand feet? And as for Niagara, its volume might easily have been trebled by the very simple expedient of giving the Great Lakes a more generous supply of water. Another way would have been to lower the floor of the Atlantic a few hundred feet and thus to the effect of volume add that also of height.

The feeling seems imbedded in the human mind, and accounts, I think, for the few slips which Nature did make—a slip like the habit rivers have of flowing into oceans and things. Who ever wanted a river to end? She wanted to get it all done before man appeared on the scene to get a hand in the business.

Be that as it may, it was in such a mood that I made what the reader, indulging my humor for a literary possession, may permit me to call "My Lake," a visit one day in November for the purpose of making a cruise on the brook which drops out of the Lake at the west side. Late autumn rains had brought the Lake to an unwonted height and made it possible, I suspected, to get a light craft over the bar of cress and weeds that makes navigation impossible under ordinary conditions.

I was right. By dint of no little poling with the boat's one oar, I pushed my way through the fringe of cat-tails which screened the entrance to the outlet, and presently found myself on a placid reach of a dozen

yards—distances, you should know, are not magnificent at My Lake.

But I would find fault. I complained to the Brook—a boat-length in width at this point. "Why did you choose this corner of the Lake as your exit," I asked, "where you have only a gloomy stand of tamarack to look into? You are in as bad a way as your sister, the inlet. She comes into the Lake under a dense cover of cress, seeing nothing of trees and flowers and clouds, while you hide yourself among those terrible trees. If

you had left by the east instead of the west side of the Lake, now, before you would be the background of wonderful hills yonder, and instead of a jungle of cat-tails to push through, you would have passed under those bushes of northern holly, scarlet now with their berries." And strange talk followed:

The Brook: Just like a man! Concerned only with what he sees ahead. You see but one way at a time. Brooks, now, are different. We love so much to look behind us that we form ourselves into pools every little way. In these we can pause for a bit and gaze leisurely

backward. I wager no one ever told you what pools were for?

Myself: No one ever told me, but I supposed they were for flowers and big contemplative frogs to look into.

The Brook: Wrong again! It's just as I said—a pool is a place where you rest a moment to catch your breath after a splendid slide over mossy pebbles, and to see the beautiful things around you—the frogs and the flowers on the banks, of course, but also the things in what you call your precious background. Look!

From the quiet pool into which she took me, the Brook pointed backward toward the hills to the east of the lake which I had chided her for running away from.

The Brook: Now, sir, don't tell me brooks

THE MOON

By Conrad Aiken

*The moon is an orange-blossom
petal,
Quiveringly held in the cobweb of
night;
Wind tears the web, and the moon
Blows, twirls, lightly falls.*

*The moon is a wrinkled poppy
petal,
Puffed aloft on one fine thread of
gossamer:
Scarlet it is, the stars turn pale,
Children crouch their fingers for
the flamboyant moon.*

*The moon is a white rose-petal,
the moon
Sails like a ship on the long blue
wave of night.
But why do I think of the moon
on its wave of blue?
It is not the moon I would speak
of, it is you.*

don't do things better than folks do. You would have me flow along close up to the hills. If I did, how much of *that* (pointing again to the hills) would I see?

Myself (after a pause): I—really, I—

The Brook: Oh! You men are just too blind! I'll have to show you, I suppose. First, then, see that veil of white cloud-stuff that comes part way down the sky. And below it a long band of turquoise, into which breaks a crest of the hills at one point. And the lower part of the sky a duller gray, relieved by the warm browns of the hills which are set against it. Do you see it all?

Myself: Yes, now that you have shown me. Especially the browns of the hills—why, they fairly dance!

The Brook: Yes, but of course you can't tell why. Folks don't know these things. However, down near the bottom of the hills do you see a bluish patch of color?—No, it's not a bush at all, nor two bushes—whoever saw a hush glowy and quivery like that? Really, you are stupid. That is a cloud of vapor rising from a boggy bit of ground. Now look carefully and you can follow it way up the hillside, thinning out and growing more and more gossamery, but softening the browns.

Myself: It is wonderful. But why haven't I seen all this before?

The Brook: Because, I suppose, you never asked a brook. You have thought us wayward, chatty creatures—not knowing that our haste over a shallow is due to our anxiety to get to the next looking place. But I am not through yet. Do you see beyond the Lake, how that broad belt of dark browns forms a splendid base for the lighter compositions above, as your artists would say? But that is only half of the picture; the other half you see in the Lake, where every detail is mirrored, up-side down and softened in outline.

Then I went on down the brook, pausing at the pools to look about. And sure enough, every pool gave upon—let us be archaic in these things—a view of infinite charm. Once in a narrow slit between two trees I had a glimpse of the Lake, with the brown hills beyond. Again it was a spot where the tamaracks had given way to a considerable group of swamp birches, with whose graceful branches the sun wove a tracery of infinite delicacy upon the ground

—level and covered with a soft green carpet of the squawberry vine, now carrying its scarlet, two-eyed berries.

Other pools were quite shut in by heavy overhanging growths of red osier, or by fan-like branches of low juniper—but she liked these spots, the Brook said, because they confined her vision now and then to the blue sky—"which is so restful to look into on a clear day."

When we had gone through a field and to a bridge—which I went around, the brook under—and through a narrow growth of willows, we reached the end of her journey—The River With the Beautiful Indian Name.

□ □ □

STARTLING!

And now the scientists tell us that Betelgueuse has a diameter of three hundred million miles. Betelgueuse, it develops, is a star—and here a lot of us thought it was a nut!

□ □ □

REPEALS

The present business situation has aroused new interest in the law of supply and demand. More people, however, are interested in the repeal of the law of beverages.

□ □ □

EARS AND EARS

She: You've noticed that ears are *de rigueur* again?

He: What do you mean, rigor? They're having a *wonderful* weather for it!

□ □ □

THEN THERE'S "CASH AND CARRY"

James Huneker brands as "bubbling bosh" such bracketing as "Mozart and Beethoven" and "Goethe and Schiller," and "Schumann and Chopin." How about "Dempsey and Carpentier?"

T. C. O'DONNELL



Then There'll Be War Anyhow!

Italy and Jugo-Slavia are getting so friendly they'll soon be borrowing money from each other.—Indianapolis Star.

He Was No Shrinking Flower

A temperance lecturer displayed to his audience two geraniums. The first had been watered in the usual way. The other had been dosed with alcohol and its foliage was shriveled and sparse, its stem twisted and its vitality decayed.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," cried the lecturer, "what can you say to a demonstration like that?"

"It's all right, and if I were a geranium," said a shabby man at the back of the hall, "I'd stick to water; but, you see, I'm not a geranium."—Houston Post.



From The Princeton Tiger

"Well, I guess I'll blow myself to a little sleep!"

A Little Bit

Try and smile—a little bit,
Be in style—a little bit,
And then lie—a little bit,
And maybe cry—a little bit,
And if you're beat—a little bit
Just retreat—a little bit,
And then be sweet—a little bit,
And watch your feet—a little bit.
Where knowledge shines—a little bit
No one repines—a little bit—
When you pass on and reach the day
That you are gone and through with it,
But those for whom you pay the way
When they ask you to "please remit
A little bit.

—Detroit News.

Prohibition Mother Goose

Jack Spratt could drink no gin,
His wife could drink no rye;
And so betwixt them both, you see,
They drank their cellar dry.

—St. Louis Star.

A Little Limerick or Two

A girl, rather matter-of-fact,
Once went on the stage for to act,
Her work was a fright,
And by six the next night
She said all the critics were cracked.

The wife of our friend, Henry Popp,
Went out one fine morning to shop,
The bills knocked him silly,
And shocked him until he
Just yelled till they summoned a cop.

—New York World.



From THE BYRONIST, LONDON

ONE OF PUSSYFOOT'S SIDE LINES
The cow coupé for avoiding the consumption of spirit!



From London Opinion

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER NOT HAVE SAID

Host: Let me give you a little more beef, Mr. Smith!

Guest: Well, just a very small piece, like you gave me before!

The Sea of Matrimony

The Girl: Do you think it is safe to be married in the air?

The Aviator: Just as safe as on the ground.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

A Sartorial Tragedy

("To be fashionable one must have the waist so narrow that there is a strain upon the second button when the jacket is fastened."—Note on Men's Dress.)

Garbed in the very height and pink of fashion,

Today I sallied forth to greet my fair,
Nursing within my ardent heart a passion
I long had had a craving to declare;
Being convinced that never would there fall
so

Goodly a chance again, I mused how she
Was good and kind and beautiful, and also
Expecting me to tea.

And after tea I stood before her, feeling

Now was the moment when the maid
would melt,

My buttoned jacket helpfully revealing

The graces of a figure trimly svelte,
But, all unworthy to adorn a poet

Who'd bought it for a fabulous amount,
Just as I knelt to put the question, lo, it
Popped on its own account.

The button, dodging my attempts to hide it,

Rolled to her very feet and rested there,
And when I laid my loving heart beside it

She only smiled at that incongruous pair—
Smiled, then in contrite pity for the gloomy
Aid that I wore of one whose chance is
gone,

Promised that she would be a sister to me
And sew the button on.

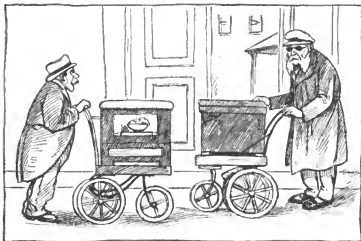
—Punch.

Hadn't Tried That

Father: That young roller comes here
too often: I want it stopped.

Daughter: I'm sure, father, I do all I can
to discourage his visits.

Father: Nonsense! I haven't heard you
sing for him once.—Boston Transcript.



From Kiois Hama, Copenhagen

"What brings you around here? I thought you were working the west end?"
 "Oh, no, not now. I've given that up to my son-in-law for his honeymoon!"

What the Fairies Wear

If only you walk with an open ear
 And watch with an open eye,
 There's wonderful magic to see and hear
 By silently passing by;
 In meadows and ditches, here and there,
 You'll find the clothes that the fairies wear.

You can see each golden and silvery frock
 In Lady's Mantle and Ladysmock;
 There's Lady's Garter (which, I suppose,
 They wear with the cowslips called Hose-
 in-hose);

The solemn fairies who ride on owls
 Shroud their faces with Monkswood cowl;
 And there's other things besides fairy
 dresses—

There's Lady's Mirror and Lady's Tresses.

Bachelor's Buttons must be for elves
 Who have to do up their clothes them-
 selves;

And the tailor fairies use Fairy Shears,
 Long cutting-grasses that grow by meres;
 And they mend their things with the Spider-
 stitches,

Faint white flowers that you find in ditches,
 And Shepherd's Needle, which you'll see
 plain

In every meadow and field and lane;
 And when they've used them they grow
 again.

If only you walk with an open ear
 And watch with an open eye,
 There's wonderful secrets to see and hear
 By silently passing by;
 In meadows and ditches, here and there,
 You'll find the clothes that the fairies wear;
 And if you look when they think you've
 gone

Perhaps you'll see them trying them on.

—Punch.

A Wet Visit

The crown prince of Rumania, who has inherited from his charming mother a clever and attractive personality, was feted lavishly during his recent visit to New York. Nothing was omitted from his entertainment and he was voted a "good sport" by his hosts.

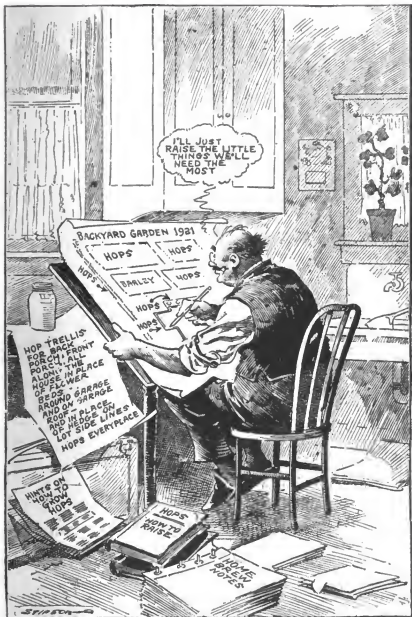
On his departure the crown prince, ignoring a question put by one of the group of reporters surrounding him, asked naively: "By the way, when is prohibition coming into force here?"—Detroit Free Press.



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Cart in New York World

"Oswald! What are you doing?"
 "Looking for one of those lounge lizards, ma!"



Some fellows are already planning 1921 gardens!

Stinson in Dayton News



Rehe in New York World

Copyright, 1911, by Press Publishing Co.

"I say, Brown, you're getting to be a regular one-man ice trust by the way you're putting up ice this winter!"

"No, you're wrong again—the ice trust puts up its ice in the summer time!"



From Punch, C. London

"Er, chuck it, missus! Why can't you let us fight in peace?"

Verbal Relations

Bix (looking up from writing): How do you spell "unmitigated"?

Dix: Whom are you calling an ass?—Boston Transcript.

He Wouldn't Go

He was a big game hunter and he had inserted an advertisement in a morning paper asking if any man would accompany him to Central Africa to shoot lions, rhinos, hippos, etc., the said companion to bear half the cost of the expedition.

Late that night, or, rather, at 2 o'clock the next morning, his household was awakened by a violent ringing of the front door bell and a man was admitted who, to put it mildly, appeared to have been wining.

"Look here," explained the visitor. "I read your 'vertisement this mornin' and I was bound to come to you."

"Well?" queried the hunter. "It's a hit late to talk business, but will you accompany me?"

"'Company you?" retorted the visitor. "No, shir. I called to tell you I'd shce you hanged first."—Pittsburgh Sun.

Astute

A student was up for his examination for medical service in the navy. The Admiral beamed upon him genially and proceeded to question him.

"Which do you regard as the three finest British sailors?" he demanded at length.

"Er—Nelson, sir—er—Drake, sir—er—I heg your pardon, sir, but I did not quite catch your name when I came in."

Passed.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Changed

Burrows: Sorry, old chap, but I am looking for a little financial succor again.

Bangs: You'll have to hunt further. I am not the little financial sucker I used to be.—Boston Transcript.

Disagreed

Church: The learned judge on the bench looks sick. I guess something has disagreed with him.

Gotham: You're right. It was the jury.—Yonkers Statesman.



Temple in Cleveland Plain Dealer

"Needles, pins, lady? Brooms, dusters—t' help a poor man?"

A Cause for Delight

"Ireland is no subject for jokes, even for grim jokes," said Seumas O'Neill O'Shaughnessy, the Irish poet now lecturing in the west. "However—

"I was talking to an Irish-American girl at a ball the other night. She said with a little smile:

"My brother is living in Belfast now. He writes and tells me he's delighted."

"What?" said I. 'Delighted to be living in Belfast?'

"No," said she. 'Delighted to be living.'"
—Detroit Free Press.

The "Comeback"

First Boy (contemptuously): Huh! Your mother takes in washin'.

Second Boy: Sure she does! You don't s'pose she'd leave it out all night so long's your father ain't in jail, do yer?—Boston Transcript.

Native Went Fluey

A member of the British colony in a certain foreign town quarreled with a native, and a duel with revolvers was arranged. The Englishman was a good shot and the native, knowing this, made it a condition that the duel should take place in a room in total darkness.

The time arrived.

"I don't want to hurt the blighter," thought the Englishman, "but I'll give him the fight of his life."

He groped his way round the room to



From Punch ©, London

NATIONAL RESEARCH

The Daily Quest, ever with its finger on the public pulse, sends a special commissioner to our winter resorts to discover which has the nicest necks!

the fireplace and fired all the chambers of his revolver up the chimney.

The native was killed.—Los Angeles Times.

Report Verified

Tommy: This paper says if you smoke cigarettes it changes your complexion.

Jimmy: That's right. I am always tanned when I get caught smoking.—Jersey City News.

Some Progress

"Georgette is engaged to a beach guard. She has only been at the beach two days."

"What is his name?"

"She doesn't know his name. His number is 20."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

And Think She's Your First!

"What is the best way to make love to a girl?"

"The stupidest way possible—then she'll think you mean it."—Boston Transcript.



From London Opinion

AT THE MOTOR SHOW

Mrs. Richquick (choosing a car, to salesmen): Can you let me have a hand mirror, young man, to see how it suits me?



Do not run away from a wounded mammoth. Get behind it but be sure there is not another one following!



If you are attacked by a crocodile get on its back as near the tail as possible. It cannot hurt you so long as you keep this position!



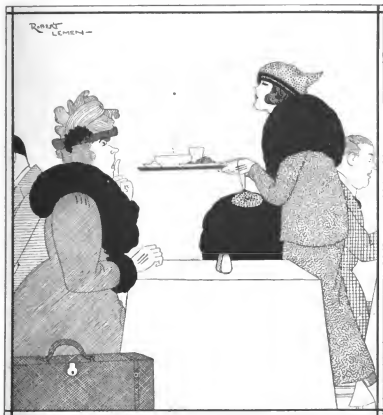
From Punch ©, LeGros

Always give chariots plenty of room to pass, especially those with scythed wheels. Abusive language is only a waste of breath, and chariot-drivers are used to it!



To gladiators. It is dangerous to exchange salutations with members of the audience during the progress of a combat!

"SAFETY FIRST" IN EARLY DAYS



—Lemon in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Mrs. Outotown (who doesn't realize she's in a cafeteria): I've heard how hard it is to keep help here in the city but if there isn't a waitress that doesn't even consider it worth while to take off her wraps!

For Amarylilis at Tea Time

I'm very tired of tea rooms,
With silly cups of blue;
They'll do for ordinary girls—
They're trivial for you.

So some day we'll go flying
Celestial tea to sup;
We'll clamber up the sunset,
Up and up and up.

And you will sit on Venus
And I shall sit on Mars;

The clouds will be our muffins,
Our jam will be the stars.

We'll use the Dipper for our drink,
And stupid swains below
Will gape and wonder, looking up
To see you burn and glow.

To see you shame the Evening Star—
Your beauty like a flame.

Now after that, I ask you,
Aren't tea rooms pretty tame?

—John Farrar, in New York
Evening Post.



From London Mail

He: Jenkins has rotten manners, hasn't he?

She: On the contrary I have always found him a gentleman!

He: Oh, well, maybe you are right! I have only met him in his own family circle!

Doesn't Realize How It Hurts

Probably the rarest thing in this world is a wife who is too tender-hearted to stick her husband for pin money.—Dallas News.

Curing a Bolshevik

Gettruffsky lacked both pelf and fame,
His intellect was weak,
And consequently he became
A howling bolshevik —
Who launched a curse on all who had
More industry than he did,
And vowed all governments were bad
Where honest men succeeded.

His fancied wrongs he sought to right
With pistol and with dirk,
With shrapnel and with dynamite,
And everything but work.
He robbed and pillaged all around,
He burgled everywhere,
Until he cracked a crib and found
A million rubles there.

A million rubles all in gold,
Which tidy little sum
Served, on the instant, to remold
This bolshevikian bnm.

No more he deals in dynamite;
The burden of his song
Is that the governments are right
And bolsheviks are wrong.

For once you give a bolshevik
A goodly store of pelf,
Thereafter he will only seek
To keep it for himself.
Infallibly it works a cure
For all the ills that ail 'em.
But there's a way that's still more sure
And simpler—just to jail 'em.
—James J. Montague, in New
York World.

An Unreserved Front

A mud-spattered doughboy slouched into the "Y" hut where an entertainment was in progress and slumped into a front seat.

Firm, kindly, and efficient, a Y. M. C. A. man approached him, saying: "Sorry, buddy, but the entire front section is reserved for officers."

Wearily the youth rose.

"All right," he drawled, "but the one I just got back from wasn't."—The American Legion Weekly.



Hatterfield for Newspaper Association

Introducing a well known winter sport!

True Caution

"What is William crying about?" asked Mrs. Smith of the new nurse.

"Well, ma'am, he wanted to go over to Tommy Brown's."

"Why didn't you let him go?"

"They were having charades, he said, ma'am, and I wasn't sure as he'd had 'em yet."—Harper's Monthly.

Yes or No

"Do you question my knowledge, sir?"

"Oh, no; that wouldn't answer."—Baltimore American.

With Mince Pie for Dessert

"Some one, Freud, I think, declares that dreams come from suppressed desires."

"Not all of them; some come from unsuppressed dinners."—Boston Transcript.

In on the Clean Up

First Lunch Hound: Well, old strawberry, howsa boy? I just had a plate of oxtail soup and feel bully.

Second Counter Fiend: Nothing to it, old watermelon. I just had a plate of hash and feel like everything.—American Legion Weekly.



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Jacobson in New York Evening Post

SUCCESS HINTS TO DRUGGISTS: MAKE YOUR STORE MORE ATTRACTIVE

"Won't you just display this little poster in your window for us? I made the drawing myself!"

Scandal in Church

The little man approached a saleswoman and sputtered:

"Y-you got me into a pickle, you did."

"I don't understand," the girl replied timidly.

"You remember when I came in here to pick out a silk dress for my wife, don't you?"

"Yes."

"And you remember we asked the assistance of the lady who was buying a kiltie skirt for her little girl?"

"Yes—yes."

"W-w-well, you got the parcels mixed, that's what you did, and I took that little kiltie skirt home to my wife."

"I'm awfully sorry, sir, but of course, we can put that right."

"How?"

"I can change the skirt."

"I know you can, but that isn't the trouble. My wife opened the parcel while I was away, thought it was the latest style, and wore the wretched thing to church on Sunday."—The Evangelist.

Registering a Kick

Some unpractical ass who has probably never ridden in a crowded trolley car has patented a device for softening the box toes of shoes.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

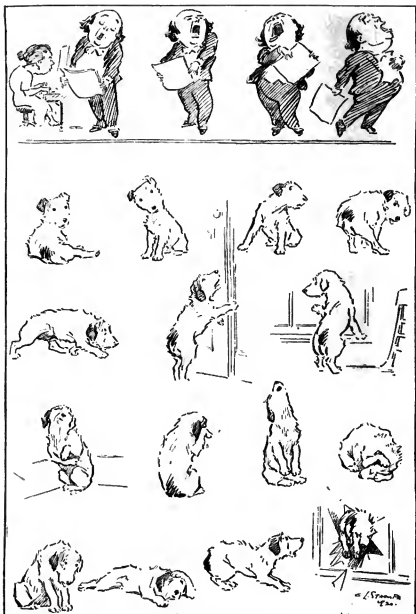
With the Keep of Dicky Bird

Another startling fact of life is how well a wife's relative can look in a photograph.—Ohio State Journal.



A FASHION FOR THE WINTER MONTHS!
 Things will be much the same—only newer and

From The Bazaar, London



From Punch © London

THE DOG IN THE FLAT BELOW
A case for the S. P. C. A.



Lesson in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Smith, whose stenographer dresses as though she were at a pink tea, decides to give her an object lesson by trying it himself!

New Rich

"We have finished the reception room, madam," announced the decorator.

"Well, this afternoon you may touch up the anteroom."

"And what shall we do in the interim?"

"I think its ceiling needs a little paint."—
Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Deserved Rebuke.

A Louisville lawyer who recently had a case in a western Kentucky circuit court tells the following story:

"At 1 o'clock in the afternoon the Judge dismissed court, saying: 'You may be quietly precipitate in making your exit, gentle-

men, but I want you to go out of the courtroom in order.'

"One lanky countryman looked at his companion and said: 'In order for what?'

"His friend gave him a contemptuous look and replied: 'Why in order to git dinner, you fool.'"—Louisville Times.

A Palpable Hit

The anti-vegetarian was arguing that while a glass of buttermilk may be as nourishing as a half dozen oysters, you'll never find a pearl in a glass of buttermilk.

"Humph!" ejaculated the other. "I've found as many pearls in buttermilk as I ever have in oysters."—Passing Show.



From Punch © London

Guest (in fellow-guest at garden party, who has offered to introduce her to well-known socialist): I don't think so, thanks. He looks rather fearsome!

Fellow-guest: My dear, he's one of the few decent people here—belongs to an old English laboring family!

Contentment

George Herman Ruth has gobs of jack,
He drags in shekels with a rake;
He buys his diamonds by the sack—
He's settin' jake.

He recks not of the ancient Greeks,
He couldn't write a simple thesis;
He's dumb, but, Bo, his money speaks—
He's rich as Croesus.

Yet though I struggle with Greek roots
And cursed verbs that floor me flat,
Think you I'd like to fill his boots?
Youbetcherhat!

—New York Tribune.

Lamping the Limericks

A maiden from Kalamazoo
Had a bulldog, a worthless one, too,
The girl never wed,
Because, it was said,
The dog was too good on the chew.

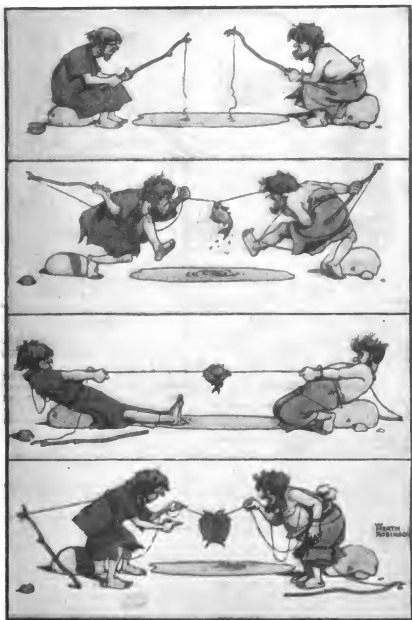
A man by the name of Joe Hatch
Put Kitty, his mare, in a match.
Said he: "Now, a beast
Named Kitty, at least
Should come in ahead by a scratch."

Bill Jenks had a fat friend whose weight
Was put at three hundred and eight,
Said Bill, with much pride:
"My acquaintance is wide."
Now what do you think of the skate?
—New York World.

Wishes He Still Hung

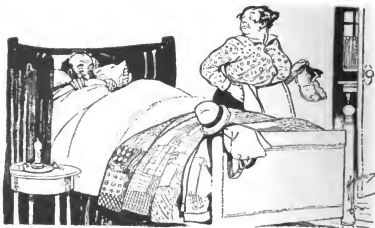
He hung on the words
Of beautiful Kate,
And also hung
On the old front gate.

They've been wed now
Ten years I'd state—
And he wishes he'd hung
On the old front gate.
—Columbus Dispatch.



From The Rystander, London

A SIDELIGHT ON ANCIENT HISTORY
The first hipper!



From Passing Show, London

Wife (to husband, who has a habit of developing sudden illness on the approach of the hour for work): I never saw such a man! I believe if ye found a feather in yer bed ye'd think ye had chicken pox!

'Twas on a Saturday Night!

"Speaking of bathing in famous springs," said the tramp to the tourist, "I hatched in the spring of '86."—Orange Peel.

Must Have the Latest

"Pa, I have just been reading about a dinosaur."

"Well, don't say nothin' to your ma about it; she'll be wantin' one for the dinin' room."—Florida Times-Union.

A Change of Faith

Susie had for a long time been praying for a baby sister.

The other day, on laying down the local paper, her mother said: "Our new pastor's wife has a little daughter."

"How do you know?" asked Susie.

"It's here in the paper," her mother replied.

"Please read it to me," said the child, and her mother read: "Born, on July 15th, to the Rev. and Mrs. John Smith, a daughter."

Susie stopped for a moment. Then she said: "Mamma, I know what I'm going to do. I'm going to stop praying and begin advertising."—Cleveland News.

What He Thought

The interviewer at the bedside of the aviator who fell three hundred feet and hit the earth asked gently:

"Tell me, what was your dominating thought, as you fell through all that space."

"Why, I guess the thought that impressed me most was that I was about the only thing that wasn't going up!"—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

True to Nature

Mr. Sopper: When I discovered how late it was, believe me, I made for home like a streak of lightning.

Friend (maliciously): Yes, zig-zaging, as it were.—Detroit News.

If

"If flies are flies
Because they fly,
And fleas are fleas
Because they flee,
Then bees are bees
Because they be."

—Yale Record.



From Punch © London

Customer: I say—do you ever play anything by request?
 Delighted musician: Certainly, sir!
 Customer: Then I wonder if you'd be so good as to play a game of dominoes until I've finished my lunch!

Nervy

"Pardon me, miss. Although a perfect stranger, I must tell you that your are beautiful."

"Sir, I shall call a policeman."

"I am sure he will agree with me."—Detroit Free Press.

"And the Only Tune"

R. A. S., the old hyena,
 Made us a present of an ocarina
 And the only place that we can play
 Is out of the office far away.

—New York Tribune.

To There and Back

The other day a man dashed into Grand Central Station with just one minute to catch the Twentieth Century. He made the ticket window in two jerks.

"Quick! Give me a round trip ticket!" he gasped.

"Where to?"

"B-b-back here, you fool!"—Nebraska Awgwan.

And That's How He Loucester

The wife of a fellow in Gloucester
 Bought a hat and \$200 it coucester.

When the bill he rec'd

Her huppy got p'd

With his wife, so he went and divoureester.

—Princeton Tiger.

A Sharp Reply

Tourist: What's that beast?

Native: That's a razorback hawg, suh.

Tourist: What's he rubbing himself on the tree for?

Native: Jest stropping hisself, suh, jest stropping hisself.—Cornell Widow.

You Know!

A very plain girl from St. Joe,
 Stood under the green mistletoe,

Just seven men kissed her,

Oh, not a man missed her,

The girl had a million, you know,

Ho, Ho!

A million real dollars—yeah, bol

—New York World.



Bad to Worse

Coming down with a case of cirrhosis,
We let Doctor Berriam dose us.

We're now nearly dead,
And confined to our bed
With something called psychoneurosis—
At least that is Doc's diagnosis.

Strickland Gillilan.

Shellfish Advice

Swear to perform a noble part
'Mid life's rebuffs and tussles;
"Twill warm the cockles of your heart,
And nerve and brace your mussels!

The Call of Cash

Money may talk, but just the same, many
a man is at a loss for words.

The Call of Duty

When Duty calls, you should not pout,
Nor wait until it has to shout;
But heed at once, you'll find it best
To meet halfway its least behest.
You should not hesitate or doubt.

It is not like a vulgar tout,
But always knows what it's about.
'Tis not the time for flippant jest,
When Duty calls.

A preacher I, both bold and stout,
I lash at vices with a knout;
But do not put me to the test,
Or you may find that, like the rest,
I always happen to be out,
When Duty calls!

La Touche Hancock.

Wanted It to Go

"This is my car," exploded the irate tourist to the garageman, "and what I say about it, goes—see?"

Just then a dirty-faced machinist crawled out from under the dead machine and said, pleadingly, "Say 'engine,' mister!"

The Prose of Dress

When as in silks my Julia goes
I sigh, "Alas, how money flows,"
And groan about the cost of clothes.

This question 's with me constantly
Of how on earth to raise the fee
To pay for Julia's finery.

Ada B. Hurley.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by G. Francis Kaufman

The kind hearted parent who administers an anesthetic to his small son before punishing him!



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Russell H. Fairbroton

"But Freddie, aren't you splitting hairs?"
"No. Just stating bald facts!"



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Perry Barlow

The wise pedestrian!

Our Day

The sky is like a perfect flower
 Made daisy-round, to touch the rim
 Of earth, and scatter there a shower
 Of golden pollen from the sun:
 A world so bright makes heaven seem dim
 Until the stars plant, everyone,
 A yellow lily or a white,
 Along the empty fields of night.
 O day, you have been made for us!
 Dawn came with roses in his hands,
 And purple as convolvulus

The dewy grey of hillsides grew,
 As morn and echoing trumpet blew
 To wake the green of harvest lands.

And when the petalled blue of day
 Is folded in the brown earth chest,
 The golden sun pollen swept away
 By witches that at twilight rove—
 Somewhere the very heart of love
 Will break in blossom in the west:
 A white moon-wave, a sunset foam,
 To clasp us round and take us home!
 M. Forrest.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Art Heliant

Barber: Shall I go over your face twice, sir?

Patron: Let's see if you left enough of it to make it worth while!

Sure!

When Kitty-Kat sits tatting,
My, how her fingers flit!
My heart goes pitty-patting—
She knows how hard I'm hit.
But not an eye she's batting,
She doesn't care a "jit"—
I plead—"Kit, drop your tatting
Do drop your tatting, Kit!
Just have some pity, Kitty—
Now don't be catty, Kit!"
She pouts—"You think you're witty—
You're not—you're batty—flit!"

Florence Hutchins McLain.

The Larkspur

Only a dream could scale your column,
O green-stemmed larkspur in purple drest;
Only a dream in silver sandals
Bound for the shrine of The Loved The
Best;

Over your crown the brown bee hovers,
While to the sky you point like prayer.
But I know the longings of earthly lovers
Are unseen climbers that follow there!

M. Forrest.

Naturally

Believe me, if all those endearing young
charms

Were really and truly your own,
'Twould at once put an end to my fears and
alarms,

No longer would I live alone.
Oh! Could I put faith in the bloom on your
cheek,

Of which you so justly are vain;
Did it come like the bloom on the rye, so to
speak,

Or is it affected by rain?
Oh! Were I assured that your glorious hair,
That matches the brightest of gold,

Were truly your own, my love I'd declare,
But, if it is bought—I am sold!

Oh! Could I believe that fair nature alone
Did all thy perfections impart!

But with age, I must own, I've incredulou
grown,

For I trace the existence of art!
La Touche Hancock.

Course It Does!

Practice makes perfect thirty-sixes.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by F. Carmack

Roped in

Home, Suite Home

(With profound apologies to John Howard Payne.)

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may
roam,
Be it ever so humble, we've got to go home;
Though it's only a room or two up near the
roof,
With hardly a window, still that's where we
hoof.

One neighbor is dancing to autopian';
The other has hired a forty-piece ban'.
I gaze on the moon as I shuffle my feet,
And wonder who nick-named the noise
"steam heat!"

Oh, how can the spirit of mortal refrain?
Just give me my lowly thatched cottage
again!
We warmed our own water, we cooked our
own food,

We spent our own money, we bred our own
brood;
But now we deed over our pay in advance;
We discard our children and mortgage our
pants;
We open some near-beer and hunt for the
foam,
But flat as our flat is, we still call it home.
Home, home, suite, suite, home!
That's one time you said it:
"There's no place like home!"

Paul Sand.

Distinction With a Difference

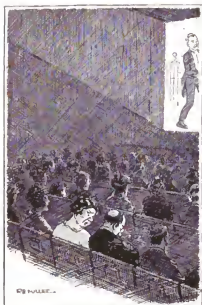
You may make quite a hit,
And he won't care a bit,
If you tell a man that he lives by his wit;
But he'll fall into fits,
And he'll knock you to bits,
If you even suggest that he lives by his wits!

La Touche Hancock.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Dorman H. Smith

Way back in the stone age, Wilbur Wheystone creates the custom of wearing love letters over the heart



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by R. B. Fuller

"You forget yourself, Henry—you're not in church!"

When Father Took a Spell

My father was the dearest man,
So kind to Bud and me;
But sometimes he would take a spell,
'N be cross as he could be.

Nothing we did could him then please,
He frowned at all of us;
A sore-head bear had naught on him—
He sure would pick a fuss!

But for his case there was a cure,
When e'er the time was ripe;
It lay in words I joyed to hear—
"Go, Sis, and bring my pipe!"
Emma Upton Vaughn.

Head On!

Not until after a man loses his head does he realize that two heads are better than one.

Getting It Over

Strange as it may sound, a man can always make a hit with a woman by saying he misses her.

Lines to Various Pets

Lie still, my little Horned Toad;
'Tis dark; my feet are bare;
And if I were to step on you,
The both of us would care.

No Jellyfish that ever jelled
Can equal you in beauty;
But what to feed you I don't know;
A bun? or tutti frutti?

Chameleon, Chameleon,
Most marvelous to see,
I wonder, when you vote this fall,
What color you will be.

Come sing to me, fair Angle-Worm,
Of robins and of fish;
Or let some long-suppressed desire
Convey a lyric wish.

Dear Butterfly, don't flutter by!
The sugar-bowl pray occupy.
More frail and beautiful a pet
In all my days I've never met,
Nor one less costly to maintain.
What, gone so soon? Do come again!
Vincent V. M. Beede.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by F. Francis Kaufman

"Pardon the seeming impertinence, old chap, but are you paid by the pound?"



Drawn for *Cartoons Magazine* by G. R. Spencer

"Hera!"



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Don Herold

UNPICTURESQUE PEOPLE
No. 1,001



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Charles A. Hughes

Chorus: If you're going to hit it, HIT IT!

War on the Desk

Nobody knew just the start of the fight,
But things on the desk were not going right,
The pencil led off because it was broke;
The ink, looking black, called the blotter
a soak;
The ruler accustomed to act on the square,
Then got her foot into it, all unaware
That the keys were all mixing up in the
bunch;
The stamps got stuck up, the file gave a
punch,
While just at this juncture the penknife cut
in,

"Let the old paper weight!" Then who
should begin
But the drawer itself that had gone and got
full,
And thinking that it quite alone had the pull
With a lot of red tape, waxed bolder and
bolder,
Till at last it shut up saying, "Let the pen
holder."
Then the typewriter keys fell in orderly line
And things were quite settled a quarter to
nine.

Sophie E. Redford.



Drawn for Cartoonist Magazine by Perry Barlow

IN THE YEAR ONE
Before retiring, Mr. Sharpfang puts out the cat!



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by James McIntyre

"Care for some hay rum?"
"Yes, I'll try a glass!"

Antoinette

I'm not in love with Antoinette
Though Antoinette's so pretty,
My mind is firmly fixed and set:
I'm *not* in love with Antoinette;
This fact I never must forget!
It sometimes seems a pity
I'm not in love with Antoinette
Though—Antoinette's *so* pretty!
Mildred Plew Merryman.

Votes for Women!

There was a dame in our town,
She was so wondrous wise
She triple-crossed her ballot—to
Her own intense surprise,
And when she found what she had done,
She saw her duty plain;
She checked each bloomin' candidate,
And scratched him out again!
Florence Hutchins McLain.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by G. Francis Kaufman
One



Two

SONG WITHOUT WORDS

The West Wind Walks

The west wind walks today,
He twirls his cane and passes;
His coat tails flick the grasses
Along his tipsy way.

He flips the boughs away,
The dreamy pool unglasses.
The west wind walks today,
He twirls his cane and passes.

His tall hat knocks astray
The high-hung cloudy masses;
He stoops to kiss the lasses;
But when they say him nay,
He twirls his cane and passes.
Mildred Plew Merryman.

Pegasus in Harness

When the good wife needs a bonnet,
I calmly set me down
And dash me off a sonnet
For a bonnet and a gown.

And when our growing laddie
Is in need of other shoes,
Invariably his daddie
Wrestles with the lyric muse.

However, in due season
When I'm tailored in the mode,
Though there's neither rhyme nor reason,
The result's another "owed."
Edgar Daniel Kramer.

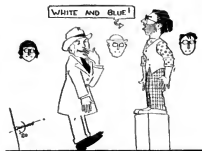
Your Love

Do you know how the little stars come
forth,
Boy acolytes to whom the priest has given
A lamp to carry, brimmed with sacred oil—
As one by one they climb the stairs of
Heaven
To the cathedral doors and find within
The silver altar of the Lady Moon?
So came the starlight of your thoughts to
me,
And thus you carried all along my night
The myriad lamps to love's cathedral doors.

Do you know how the gentle dew is laid
Like moonstone mysteries upon violets?
How night's expectant fingers part the
leaves,
And day comes with his leopards crouching
down
At the dark edges of each garden place,
And sprinkles dew upon the blossoming,
Libation from the dawning's loving cup,
Ere he lets loose his chariot in the skies
And every river shows the blazing trail
Of golden wheels? Thus came your tender
love,
Laid on my life like dew on violets,
Drawing a sweetness out, and giving it
Unto the world in all I wrote of you!
M. Forrest.

Their Yesterdays

Life is full of paradoxes. The crusade
against home brew will put lots of people
at lager-heads.



Three

His Mirthful Crown

There was an old man of the Palatinate
Who selected a chair and then sat in it;
But his mirth it woul' crown,
If, before he sat down,
He discovered a gentleman's hat in it!

"I Heard Spring Call"

I heard Spring call across the gray
And broken-clouded sky today,
And caught a faint evasive scent,
That swiftly on the east wind went,
Like some dim memory of May.

There is no least light-budded spray
Of white or green along my way,
And yet, on some grave message bent,
I heard Spring call.

It sounded like some thrush astray
Too early, or some wistful fay,
That begged a scrap of merriment;
Through storm and cold I bide content,
Since, bringing promise blithe and gay,
I heard Spring call.

Charlotte Becker.

The Talking Machine

North: Has Marjorie any education along
musical lines?

West: I should say so! Name any record
and she can tell you what's on the other
side!

Lay of the Fourth Floor Front

To watch the lowing kine
Chew slowly o'er the lea,
While sitting at my window,
Would be a treat to me.

But, like it as I would,
I fear it cannot be.
There is no—are no—kine,
We haven't any lea.
Bernard L. Wells.

Contrariwise

Stitch! Stitch! Stitch!
With her foot on the treadle there,
The dressmaker makes without flaw or
hitch
A dress for the lady fair.

Stitch! Stitch! Stitch!
Yet your pity you well may spare,
For the dress makes the dress-making dam-
sel rich,
And makes bankrupt the lady fair.
La Touche Hancock.

Latest (Soft) Barroom Ballad

Some die from drinking coffee,
Some die from drinking tea,
But I'm afraid that water
Will be the death of me.

Step by Step

The social climber always practices on a
family tree

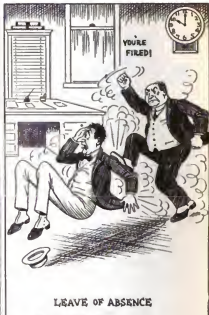


Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Cobb Shinn

"Very poor, Mr. Bull! Why, I had an
auto with only one horn throw me a lot
farther than this!"



SHORE LEAVE



LEAVE OF ABSENCE



DOMESTIC LEAVE

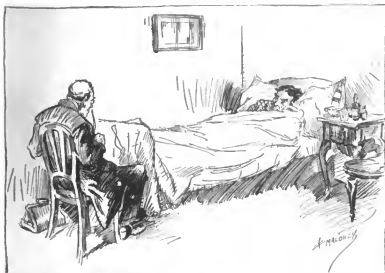


"GIMMIE" LEAVE

Phifer

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by L. C. Phifer

Famous "leaves" from modern history



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by F. Melroy

Patient: You pulled me through, doctor!
 Doctor (modestly): No, it was the work of providence.
 Patient: Yes, but you'll charge for it!

"Refused by Addressee!"

"Sweet as lilac bloom,
 Soft as kitten fur,
 Brightening the room
 Where you bask and purr;
 Won't you take me, lass,
 For your valentine?"
 "Sir," she answered, "pass.
 Comics? None in mine!"
 Terrell Love Holliday.

Saturday Afternoon

"No, indeed," vociferated Mrs. Jones, "you are not going to play golf Saturday afternoon. Saturday afternoon three weeks ago, you played golf and you never came home to dinner until 7:30 p. m. and everything got cold. Besides, the furnace smokes and you will have to fix it; and I want the dining room rug taken up and beaten; and you will have to hang the new picture, 'The Garden of Allah,' in the living room, and move 'Mona Lisa' into the spare bedroom; and the tacks have to come out of the hall

carpet; and the kitchen ceiling is to be painted."

But Mr. Jones got the last word.
 He said: "All right!"

Katherine Negley.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by C. Francis Koffman

"Ah! So you're laying the path to heaven, eh?"
 "No, sir, just a bridal path, sir, just a bridal path!"



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Donald Uih

First chorus lady: I hear that Gwendolyn is appearing in "Tumble Out!"
 Second ditto: Yes, I suppose she put the "super" in "super-cast."

I Want a Garden

I want a garden where sweet almonds grow,
 And iris and pansies, row on row,

Where bees buzz in and out each gilly
 flower,

And nightingales weave through a daphne
 bower

Shy lyric rhapsodies of wistful woe.

With clove pinks that warm, spicy scent
 bestow,

And drowsy periwinkles creeping slow,

And lilies lovelier for every shower—

I want a garden.

And there shall be fox-glove and golden
 glow,

And portulaca white as early snow;

Shy dusty-millers for a quiet hour

Tall hollyhocks, that o'er flagged path-
 ways tower—

But, anyway, whatever blossoms blow—

I want a garden!

Charlotte Becker.

Piquant Femininity

Piquant femininity,
 Ever as of yore—
 Man's one real divinity.

Luring to infinity,
 Men have battled for
 Piquant femininity.

Where's our equanimity?
 Tell us, we implore,
 Man's one real divinity.

Steeped in asininity,
 Blindly we adore
 Piquant femininity.

Every single minute, we
 Poor men worship more
 Piquant femininity—
 Man's one real divinity.
 Eliot Kays Stone.

Compensation

A rolling stone won't gather moss—
 Well, maybe this is so.
 But a rolling pin makes up the loss,
 By gathering the dough.

Cords of Silence

The ex-Kaiser is about the only person in
 the whole world who is at present willing
 to saw wood—and say nothing!

Sure

Ella: Who is that vulgar-looking woman
 all covered in frills and ruffles?

Bella: Oh, some *nonveau riche*!

Unprecedented

Assistant: Why all the excitement?

Scenario Editor: Here's a story by a fa-
 mous author, and it's really a good one.

New at the Game

Tommy Tingle: What is a green grocer,
 father?

Daddy Tingle: A green grocer, son, is
 one who trusts his new customers.

DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW?

There is a Big Demand for Comic Artists who can Animate Their Drawings. Here is your Opportunity to Learn How to Draw Cartoons and then Animate Them



WE ARE very fortunate in being able to have this interesting branch of the work explained by one who really knows, MR. WM. NOLAN, of THE INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE COMPANY, Inc., New York City. Mr. Nolan studied cartoon drawing under W. L. EVANS, and is a booster for this school. His instruction is invaluable to those who desire to learn how to animate their drawings.

Mr. Nolan is under contract with the INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE COMPANY to animate the characters originated by Powers, McManus, Oppen, Tad and Herriman. During the past four years he has animated cartoons for EDISON, UNIVERSAL, PARAMOUNT AND BRAY FILM COMPANIES. He animated MUTT AND JEFF for BUD FISHER for two years, you probably have laughed at them many times. Also animated IKE AND MIKE for RUBE GOLDBERG, and on the HEARST NEWS REEL, he animated TAD'S INDOOR SPORTS. During the war he did a vast amount of propaganda work along cartoon lines for the various Government Committees, including the Liberty Bond, Food Administration, Fuel and Thrift Stamp, so, you see, he is well qualified to explain this work.



WM. NOLAN

In a letter to Mr. Evans he states:

"I have read over some of the courses and books now offering to teach animation and they are as close to crime as anything ever put out. There is a crying need for men who can hold down jobs in the various studios, and it is a trying task on the part of the men now doing the work to break in green men. There are positions open to hundreds of younger men and women in the tracing and photographic end of the game. The pay is high."

The instruction in animation is an added feature to Cartoonist Evans' course in Cartoon Drawing. Those enrolling now will receive this extra instruction without any additional charge.

Some of the Things Explained

- How to construct the board.
- The paper used.
- The animated walk, turn and run.
- How the arms are raised and lowered.
- The talk.
- Animating animals.
- Use of celloids.
- Exposure—exposure list.
- Scenario.
- Perspective, foreshortening and panorama.
- Repeats and cut-outs.
- The camera.
- Hand drawing under the camera.
- The Market.
- Drawing leaders for your local theaters, etc., etc.

If you have a natural talent for drawing don't waste your time simply copying funny pictures. Learn how to draw originals and how to animate them. This school is recommended by well known cartoonists. We don't know of any school that covers cartooning as thoroughly. Send a small sample of your work and we will mail you a portfolio of cartoons and full details.

If you are already a cartoonist or a cartoon student, you can't afford to miss this opportunity to study animation. This instruction alone is \$5.00

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"The School that has the Reputation"

822 Leader Bldg., Cleveland, O.

Chas. Plumb Advances Through Tone Cartoons

Establishes Himself in Magazine Illustrating Syndicate Cartoons for Farm Betterment Make New Field



WHY THE COW OBJECTS
Chas. Plumb in Farm Mechanics Magazine

Did you see the Charles Plumb cartoon in January issue of Cartoons Magazine?

THE MARKET UPS AND DOWNS was the title. It filled page 68.

Did you notice the credit line—"Plumb for the Illinois Agricultural Association"?

That means something! It means that Charles Plumb has won recognition of the official organization consisting of over 100,000 agricultural leaders of a great state, and is busy making cartoons for the betterment of farm conditions.

His work is syndicated in a large number of newspapers and public appearances are frequently made throughout the state in crayon presentation.

"I have a brand of cartoon which is almost entirely new—'agricultural cartooning,' and I see a big field ahead." This was written when the young cartoonist was just beginning work for the *Drovers' Journal*.

The field was bigger than he dreamed. As he became recognized as a specialist on farm topics, his ideas and striking pictures necessitated the aid of an assistant to keep ahead of the ever increasing demand for advertising illustration.

What is the secret of Charles Plumb's success? Adaptability to the modern demand.

He was not afraid to try himself out.
He fitted into the specific needs of the people for whom he worked.

He saw possibilities in advanced methods and trained himself to use them.

He was never satisfied with attainment.

Again he writes, "Though I have a job, I am going to keep on with your course and finish it, because I couldn't afford to be without it."

This meant development in tone cartoons. "I just refer to the Federal Course," he says, "where everything is explained to me by men who have found out by years of experience."

One of the things he found out was how to lay wash and produce tone cartoons for magazine use. In this he had expert advice from Joseph Almars, formerly art director of the Bureau of Engraving, Inc., producing commercial illustrations for the largest national advertisers.

Text and progressive illustrations from Herbert Johnson of the *Saturday Evening Post* gave him information on direct application of the use of tone in modern cartoon production. Had he been content to make only the line drawing used on the start, the new opportunities would not have been open to him.

He saw the value of the broader training in the new medium, and is progressing, through continued study, to highest attainment in modern illustration.

The fact that the Federal Course in Illustrating and Cartooning taught animal draftsmanship as well as drawing of the human figure appealed to him as essential for his needs. He made the most of reproductions from drawings by Chas. Livingston Bull, Chas. M. Russell, Frederic Remington, Herbert Johnson, and the valuable constructive charts and text by Walter J. Wilwerding.

Chas. Plumb's cartoons may be seen in the *Prairie Farmer*, *Farm Mechanics Magazine*, and other leading farm publications, as well as in *Cartoons Magazine*, *Review of Reviews*, *Outlook* and leading national reviews. No longer are they confined to line reproduction.

Drawings in tone now convey ideas pictured with brush and crayon of the versatile young artist.

What Charles Plumb has accomplished in Chicago, Harold Hoag is duplicating in Topeka, where he is employed in illustration of the *Capper Farm Publications*, distributed very broadly throughout the Southwest. At his former home in Weir, Kansas, he worked conscientiously on all the technical details of the new profession, and mastered them by correspondence, through rigid observance of the lesson requirements in twelve text-books compiled from the experience of over fifty leaders in modern illustration. He expresses his appreciation for his success in these words:

"I can sincerely recommend the Federal School to anyone who wants results. I owe my success to its expert instruction."

Robert Williamson of Pawnee City, Nebraska, is well started in similar application of draftsmanship with the *Wallace Farmer* at Des Moines, Ia., after cartoon production for *Farm Mechanics*



CONTENTMENT HER DEMAND
Chas. Plumb in Farm Mechanics Magazine



CHARLES PLUMB

Cartoonist of Illinois Agricultural Association

the country are from the farms, the small towns and secondary cities. Federal training brings the experience of the trained expert to you. In the words of Robt. Williamson:

"The Federal texts are so arranged that they form a regular art encyclopedia, always ready for use.

"I believe," says he, "that the best way to break into the art business is to take the Federal Course first, secure a position as soon as you feel sure of yourself, and then you may take some life work or any other branch you care to follow in some resident school. You can do this evenings or by working half days. This, even, is not necessary if you really get all the Federal Course offers."

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Address.....

City and State.....

(No person under 14 years of age is eligible for enrollment in the Federal School.)

Magazine in Chicago and a position with Bonnett and Brown, commercial artists, Chicago.

Young Williamson developed sufficient ability to hold these positions through evening study at home on the farm, where he was husily engaged throughout the daylight hours as a practical farmer. The combined knowledge of the two vocations now stands him in good stead.

Federal School training is to help you apply ability to draw with experience in former vocation.

There is a place for a Chas. Plumb, a Harold Hoag or a Robt. Williamson in every state of the union. The big cartoonists and illustrators of



HAROLD HOAG

Illustrating"

TRAIL MARKER
By E. J. Whitehead

Federal School of Illustrating and Cartooning

Editors

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Joseph Almaz

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Ferry Carter—Formerly with Minneapolis Tribune.
Oscar Casare—Evening Post, New York.
Charles Callaghy—Bureau of Engraving.
Jay N. Darling—(Ding)—New York Tribune.
J. H. Donahay—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Ray Evans—Baltimore American.
Postville Fox—Wheeler Syndicate.
W. E. Hill—New York Sunday Tribune.
Kim Hubbard—Indianapolis News.
Wm. Ireland—Columbus Dispatch.
Herbert Johnson—Saturday Evening Post.
Frank King—Chicago Tribune.
D. J. Lavin—Chas. Daniel Frey Studios.
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Leonor M. Phoenix—National Society of Mural Painters.
Chas. M. Russell—The "Cowboy" Artist.
Sidney Smith—Chicago Tribune.
Charles Henry Sykes—Philadelphia Evening Ledger.
Clive Wood—Philadelphia Public Ledger.
Gaar Williams—Indianapolis News.
Walter J. Wilder—Animal Painter.
Frank Wing—Minneapolis Tribune.

Contributors

McKee Barclay—Baltimore Sun.
L. D. Bradley—Lately of Chicago News.
J. W. Bengough—Toronto, Canada.
Grace Edwards—Federal School.
Kewin Bloom—Federal School.
William Jennings Bryan—Former Secretary of State.
Wm. Donahay—Chicago Tribune.
John T. McCutcheon—Chicago Tribune.
Ted Nelson—Formerly with St. Paul Dispatch.
R. R. Watts—Marshall Field Company, Chicago.

Don't miss Federal School
News on next page.



FEDERAL SCHOOL NEWS

A MONTHLY RECORD OF THE ACHIEVEMENTS
OF STUDENTS OF APPLIED CARTOONING

EDITED BY

CHAS. L. BARTHOLOMEW

Bye



Bruce D. Barnett, machinist's helper at Washington, Illinois, upon receiving Division Three of the Course in Illustrating and Advertising, says: "I must say that textbook number twelve is a fitting climax to the career and best course in America. I am satisfied beyond words and expect to get results from this course immediately." Mr. Barnett is using his draftsmanship in connection with his vocation as a machinist.

William Freys is specializing in newspaper advertising illustrating in Detroit. "The clerk," he says, "received for four days' work for a big building exhibit, was just the price of the courses in the Federal School."

Edward Marshall's column, "Orpheumizing," in the Yauerville News of Yauerville, Ohio, has the following interesting item: "Jimmie Bell, the St. Paul News cartoonist, a student of the Federal School of Minneapolis, with which I have been connected for a number of years, was recently selected in an Orpheum lot. Jimmie has developed into a class A cartoonist." Later in the week Jimmie put on a chalk talk before two hundred daily News carriers at the Ryan Hotel, using numbers from the Little Program of Division 3, with a final number "A composite portrait of the crowd," using the figures 200 to picture a smiling youngster.

Miss Mabel Frazer of Port Huron, Washington, uses Applied Cartooning in the preparation of theatrical sketches to illustrate books on departure of friends on trips, sketches under hospital treatment, and arrival of new babies, and finds the work a splendid training for cartooning and illustrating. A book of twenty pages just completed depicts the trials and tribulations of the house mother of Miss Frazer's society. She uses chalk talk for entertainment in a social way, and finds the work most interesting.

Frank Gavie is developing a unique style of treatment in cover designs for the Hartford Exhaust, the house organ published for the benefit of the employees by the Hartford Motor Truck Company at Lima, Ohio.

Bob Boardman was a well known coach and physical director in the Southland prior to the war. Upon his return from overseas, where he served nearly two years, he took an intensive course in Applied Cartooning, which led to cartoons, character sketches, headlines and advertising illustrations in the Baltimore Magazine. He attacks the big contention of Baltimore clubs, and endorses leaders of his magazine show prominent Baltimore in the headlines. Mr. Boardman holds a position as associate editor as well as cartoonist and illustrator of the Baltimore publication.

Arthur Maas, upholsterer and auto trimmer at Zion City, Illinois, had completed twelve drawings in addition to his regular work, for which he has received good remuneration.



K. J. WHITEHEAD

tion is indicative of why the young artist's design will mark a great trail across the continent. Mr. Whitehead is now studying business figures and specializing in illustrative draftsmanship under vocational training in Minneapolis, as a government student.

Ralph Picard is making a series of "Men About Town" cartoons for the Bonanza (Louisville and American, in Bonanza, Ia. There are being worked out three columns wide by the chalk plate method with excellent results.

Sam Rowan of St. Joseph, Missouri, is revealing his talents in entertaining work in St. Jo., combining simple sketches with topical numbers and a sure elabourate drawing of landscapes for final number.



"A LESSON WE ALL MUST LEARN"

Drawn by Charles P. Plumb

William E. Moore, connected with the ticket office at the Union Station, Trenton, N. Y., has been doing posters and signs for Y. M. C. A.

Crosby Hodgman of Bangor, Maine, has been making cartoons for his school paper the Bangor High Oracle. His school activities are giving him good practical experience leading to journalism as a career, as he is editor of the school paper, chess treasurer, president of the debating team, captain in the R. O. Y. C., and vice leader in athletics.

Myron Lee made the Christmas holiday for the "Oak" high school paper at Royal Oak, Michigan. Football cartoons and headlines occupied space in the November issue.

Ralph A. Scott gave a successful chalk talk entertainment before a large audience at the Fairbairn High School before receiving a position as the Freedman class, receiving favorable mention in the local newspaper.

James R. Fox is illustrating thirty cartoons for the Sunday Washington University publications at St. Louis, Missouri, with frequent appearance in "The Dregs," "Bladed Life," and the University "Herald." The making of workmanlike lettering for Mr. Fox's vocation, as he holds a position with the Hamilton Knapsack Company, and is in college on leave of absence. The Course in Illustrating and Advertising is admirably used by Mr. Fox in illustrative headlines, posters and newspaper illustrations for the Kansas City Post.

JAMES R. FOX

Joe Kewlish of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., has made about thirty cartoons for the Sunday Plain Talk, appearing the increasing rate on public services, also cartoons for the Lehigh Employees Magazine, published by the employees of that company, for whom the young cartoonist is employed. He has had opportunity to take on work with a career engraving company, and is specializing in letter construction and design, with the idea of filling a position which demands classification in this work along with cartoon production.

Bertha V. Peas of Havana has recently translated the Little Program of Applied Cartooning into Spanish, and given an entertainment before a social gathering of relatives and friends. She finds that the chalk talk presentation is a success in the foreign tongue, although in one or two instances certain views on words are not possible because of change of idiom.

Fifty-two illustrations for the Jones Pianos Company of Des Moines, Iowa, have recently been turned out by Robert Williamson of the Wallace Farmer, for whom he is making a current cartoon and comic strip entitled "Mr. See." Williamson is well established in Des Moines in commercial work, and occasionally has a cartoon in Farm Mechanic Magazine, Chicago.

Wilbur Kelly, who for the past few years has been illustrator for his high school annual, this season has held a position as art editor, which development is leading toward a transformation of illustrative work, which Mr. Kelly will take up upon finishing his schooling. Chalk talk is his school entertainment, a new requirement of the young illustrators, and he is building up a nice little business of portrait enlarging for Niles patrons.

WILBUR KELLY

Clarence Lamp, an electrician of Hamden, New York, contemplates illustrative draftsmanship and art study in New York City preparatory to taking on work in a commercial studio as a professional. Through his course in illustrating, Mr. Lamp has developed an unusual ability as a sketch artist.

Walter Hazard is a cartoonist at Occas, Oregon, the high school paper at Alvemore, Washington.

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Adjustable to Every Need of the Practical Draftsman

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This is not an imposing ad and it hardly does credit to my Art Course, but the fact is that, owing to the amount of mental labor I put into my personal criticisms on the work of my students, I am able to take on only a limited number each month. Therefore, if you contemplate enrolling, mail in your application now and if there is no imme-
diate vacancy in my classes, it will be placed upon our roll as soon as one occurs. Meanwhile, write for my prospectus and testimonials of satisfied students, enclosing an in stamp to

ZIM, Dept. K, Horseheads, N. Y.

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